

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

To know wisdom and instruction; to understand the words of prudence; and to receive the instruction of doctrine, justice, and judgment, and equity; to give subtilty to little ones, to the young man knowledge and understanding. A wise man shall hear and shall be wiser.

From Matins of the First Sunday of August.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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# Catholic Digest

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## A Letter to Uncle Sam

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Condensed from *Extension*\*

Thanks for the shorter shirttails

**Dear** Uncle Sam: The other day a fellow was kicking about the WPB order that shirttails be shortened two to three inches to save cloth. He didn't exactly say that it shouldn't be done; but he wasn't enthusiastic, either. He liked *his* shirttails long, and he was gonna have them long, by golly, if he had to buy handkerchiefs and sew them on the shirts himself.

Mathematicians have estimated that the cloth saved by shortening shirttails will provide material for 10 million additional shirts. That means 10 million shirts on soldiers' backs, instead of tucked away.

But this isn't how I had intended to start this letter. I have never written to you before—except during the first World War, when I asked for seeds for my war garden to help lick the Kaiser. Remember? What I wanted to say was that very few Americans think the same way about the rationing measures as the fellow who protested about

the shirttails. In fact, we can't think of a single phase of the whole rationing program that every civilian ought not to thank you for. The rationing is for the individual and collective good of every one of us, as I see it.

Even before rationing was thought of, you were encouraging us to do things that, if we had an ounce of sense, we would have been doing of our own accord. Take, for example, the soil-conservation program. Extension departments of the federal and state agriculture departments, universities and county agents were preaching crop rotation, liming of soils, the growing of legumes, erosion control as long back as I remember—way back when I was a youngster in knee pants (on Sundays) on my dad's farm.

But did we practice these things? Yes, some did. But the others? They waited until you stepped in with Triple-A payments to persuade them to do the very things it was to their inter-

\*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. July, 1943.

est to do. The loam on their farms was turning into sand and they had to stop raising corn and hogs and hay and cattle, and raise rye, and then, when they couldn't raise rye any longer, they put in buckwheat—and that finished the soil. And the loam that had turned into sand was washing and blowing away, and they waited for you to pay them to keep their own farms inside their own dilapidated line fences. Thank heaven you did step in to save that good earth which is feeding us and our soldiers and our allies.

Now we have war and necessary rationing. A neighbor told me a few days ago that a neighbor of his was helping at one of the schoolhouses where the canned-goods rationing was being conducted. She told him, he said, that of 100 persons who appeared before her, only two had declared that they had any excess of canned goods on hand. The man drew the conclusion therefrom that rationing was worse than futile—that it was making us “a nation of liars!” I don't believe that. I believe those people told the truth about their supplies. If any great number of them didn't tell the truth, then they are exactly the ones who need rationing the most—and they constitute a convincing argument for the necessity of rationing for the protection of the vast majority of us who have neither the means nor the desire to lay in heavy stocks in our basements at the expense of our neighbors, of our sons and brothers and fathers in the armed forces, or of our struggling and needy allies.

I cannot see how anyone is suffering any great hardship through tire rationing. All of us are getting to work. And many of us are driving even greater distances than we used to, because of change of occupation. As for me, I like this tire inspection, and I have heard many others say the same thing. In the past, I have often gone along on a pretty thin tire, with a couple of more thin ones in reserve to put on—in case. Sometimes the “in case” became a casing no more, and one time such a blowout threw me into a ditch. The thin tire was always gnawing at my peace of mind; it was a major threat to my own safety and that of others. Now there isn't any more of that worry—the tire inspector has lifted it from my mind, assuring safe and continuous transportation to me and mine, and fellow travelers. Tire inspection and the 35-mile speed limit have wrought blessings innumerable. Have you noticed the disappearance from the Monday-morning papers of the headlines which used to appear with a tragic monotony: “Week-end Auto Toll . . .”?

I have heard a few sourpusses denouncing everyone, from you to the motorman, because they had to walk two blocks to catch a streetcar in the morning. Their language was doubly vitriolic when they missed their customary car and had to wait three minutes for the next one. I guess these grouches never went on a weary, forced march—with the straps of their packs cutting with knifelike eagerness into the flesh of their shoulders. But



don't worry, Uncle Sam, there aren't many of their like among us.

Then there was the fellow at the club who complained about finding it uncomfortable to sleep with his bedroom windows closed in winter. He had to, you see, or he would have exceeded his fuel-oil quota — trying to heat the backyard as well as the house. Well, I didn't argue with him much, but I did mention having read somewhere that this keep-the-window-open-while-you-sleep business is a superstition that has brought on many of the ills with which mankind finds itself afflicted. And I have the word of an acquaintance of mine whose chronic sinus trouble had given her many days and nights of misery, that she feels like a new person since she has been sleeping with her windows closed. She hasn't mentioned "sinus" since fuel rationing began!

I suppose the meat shortages are rather tough on persons who have been accustomed to sitting down whenever they felt like it to a large, juicy tenderloin. But after all, there are some 22 million Americans among us who have been going along on one meatless day a week all their lives—the Catholics, I mean. They do that as penance and in memory of the day on which Christ died—but I have never heard any one of them say that it was bad for their health. In fact, any doctor will tell you that Americans eat too much meat. I read the same statement in a medical magazine, about sugar.

As for coffee, I can write from my own experience. Coffee is my favorite

beverage. I like it quite strong, and aromatic, and hot, and often. Mother and dad being the only two adults in our family, we don't get as much coffee as we would like, and we run out before the next coupons in the ration books are effective. For about a week we drink water, milk and cereal beverages. It is hard at first, but we remember the heroes adrift at sea, and it isn't so hard after all. By the time the next coupon is due, we have begun to like the substitutes pretty well.

So that is the way it goes all the way down the line. All these sacrifices are not really sacrifices at all, but blessings. The salvage campaigns are making us a neater people, for our homes and yards are no longer cluttered up with junk that would never be used anyway. The restrictions on travel are benefiting us in dozen of ways—encouraging intramural sports in our schools, making all of our youth a fitter youth, instead of only the handful who, fit in the first place, were able to "make the team" of yesteryear; giving us opportunities for cementing friendships with our neighbors in the block with whom we formerly had no more than a nodding acquaintance; keeping us in the bosom of our families, where we belong in order to cultivate that spirit of family loyalty upon which the very existence of our democracy depends; yes, affording us time to go to Church, to pay belated worship to the patient Creator whom far too many of us had forgotten before our days of peril came upon us.

Yes, Uncle Sam, I am all for this

rationing, for I see nothing but good in it. And I am sure I speak for the vast majority of your nephews and nieces. Even if rationing does mean sacrifice, sacrifice can be a prayer, and thus we find rationing-time a time rich in spiritual fruits.

There is just one thing more. I hate to mention it, for it concerns the thing that "should not even be mentioned among Christians." But I think you ought to know about it, for you are greatly concerned with manpower. When I was over to the school to get our point rationing books, the woman who did the registering made no effort to conceal her annoyance over the fact

that she had to write out nine of them for me. At first I thought she must be tired, and paid little attention. But as she worked on, she took considerable and continuous pains to reveal, through carefully phrased declaration and innuendo, her disgust over the fact of such a large family. Nor did she cease until, fixing my eye intently upon the wedding ring which encircled her finger, I told her: "Madame, yours is not the spirit of the Sullivans, nor is Uncle Sam likely to name a battleship after you." She was silent then. Uncle Sam, let us ration the commodities—even the shirttails—but not the little children. Sincerely, Joe.



### Time After Time

A lot of people in this country are frankly disappointed that Franco's Spain is not our enemy. The secular press generally, and the *Time-Life-Fortune* axis in particular, sided against Franco in the Spanish civil war, and his victory has been a bitter pill for them to swallow.

Because he accepted nazi and fascist help to drive communism out of Spain, Franco has been considered a silent partner of the Axis ever since the beginning of World War II, ready any moment to declare war on us.

But precious time passed, and still Franco did not send troops to Africa or allow Hitler to march through Spain. The anti-Franco elements of the American press became impatient; they began to bait Franco. They salted old civil-war wounds. They dug up doubtful evidence of Franco's cruelty both during the war and since. They picture the Franco regime as one of slavery, freedom-loving communists victims of his tyranny.

In the eyes of his American critics, Franco has to be a villain. It makes no difference that he has shown character enough to withstand the pressure of those who assisted him, that he chose to remain neutral toward those countries that opposed him in the civil war. It makes no difference to them that his neutrality was no small factor in the success of the African campaign. For spiteful, personal reasons they want Franco to be our enemy even though it would be detrimental to the Allied cause in the war. And this is supposed to be patriotism!

The Ave Maria (22 May '43).

# Design for an Abundant Life

Acadia to Arcadia

By WILTON J. LABBE

Condensed from *Land and Home\**

**Church Point** in the heart of the Acadian district in Louisiana is some 20 miles northwest of Lafayette, in the parish of Acadia. It is a Catholic community, French-speaking.

When Father Bienvenu went there as pastor in 1936 the people had lost much of their economic and political freedom. Ten years before, 80% of the community had owned and operated their own farms, but with the depression years, small landowners had lost their land. They even had to vote as directed by the landowners. Where they had once reigned as kings of household and goods, they became economic slaves.

Money was loaned on securities at values usually underestimated. Interest rates were usurious. Mortgages upon valuable property were kept small, and on default the usual foreclosure followed.

By means of credit books, farmers were both overcharged and forced to pay credit prices on all purchases. Profits often amounted to 25% and ran as high as 60%. If overanxious farmers planted their cotton too early, and a late cold spell necessitated replanting, exorbitant prices were demanded for the new seed.

Against such odds, Father Bienvenu and his assistant preached week in and week out on social justice. The ency-

clicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* were time and again discussed. Duties of masters and servants were described from the pulpit and, despite criticism from those who felt the sting most, the priests did not give up.

At the same time, a search was made for organizations that might help. Father Bienvenu was serving on the Catholic Committee of the South. Priests had to be educated before their people could be. In the summer of 1941, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference conducted a Rural Life Summer School at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kan. Five priests from the Lafayette diocese attended. Acting on knowledge acquired from the Rural Life School, the Church Point priests began to contact the various national and state government agencies organized to help people help themselves.

The following year, the NCRLC held a five-day school at Bay St. Louis, Miss. Again the priests attended with three laymen from the parish, the only lay persons present. From this second school much was gained.

At a tri-state (Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi) convention of the Farmers' Union the assistant was elected to the board of directors, the first priest in the U.S. to so serve. At

\*3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. June, 1943.

the same meeting a Church Point layman was elected tri-state vice president.

Meanwhile, every effort had been made to find something concrete for the farmer. When the flood of 1941 came, Father Bienvenu brought in the Red Cross, and Boy Scouts distributed commodities. Rafts were built and furniture moved. The people's confidence in their pastor grew. Trips to the state capitol resulted in a Surplus Commodity office. But all this was merely a relief dole.

Right after the first Rural Life School, a meeting was called. Only a handful came. Meetings were arranged for government agents to explain the agricultural programs of both state and national governments. The number at the meetings gradually grew. The parishioners spoke only French, but priests translated. Questions were asked and answered. This educational program was the basis of the later successes. Farmers with little or no schooling learned how to ask questions. This was a group movement of people who sought self-help.

The Farm Credit Administration and Farm Security Administration cooperated. An FCA agent was appointed and an office was built for him on the presbytery grounds. The little farmers not yet in the hands of the big men flocked to him.

Following the Rural Life School of 1942 at Bay St. Louis, the farmers met again. With only 20 members present and but \$30 in shares, a parish credit union was started which has grown,

in a ten-month period, into an organization with over 200 members and capital of \$4,000, most of it on loan.

The next step was a local farmers' union, numbering over 400 members at the present time. The Farmers' Union is really the sponsoring organization, and the credit union an offspring, even though it pre-dated the sponsor in organization. The credit union enables farmers to operate on a cash basis of their own instead of on a profit takers' debt basis.

There was still need of another organization whereby farmers could pool resources and purchase necessities, as well as find a profitable outlet for their produce: a purchasing and marketing cooperative. Accordingly, they contacted the Louisiana Central Cooperative Association (now known as the Farmers' State Exchange). Speakers were sent down, questions asked, and material was left to study and ponder at the weekly meetings. Finally, all joined the co-op.

They began by purchasing Irish seed potatoes. Orders followed each other in rapid-fire succession. When cotton-planting time came and they needed cotton seed, they again purchased cooperatively. Should the first planting be killed by cold, more seed could be obtained at the original price; no longer was it necessary to pay a premium on seed for second planting.

Fertilizer was needed. In an effort to smash cooperative buying, the faction which had opposed the farmers attempted to block shipments and harass unloading operations. Now the

farmers are to have their own warehouse, so that worry is over.

Through their cooperative, they have purchased baby chicks and feed for them and other farm animals, and orders have been placed for Irish-potato sacks and thousands of sweet-potato crates. Now they are setting out on another venture, cooperative marketing. Men have been selected to grade and ship Irish potatoes in car-load lots.

The farmers saw the urgent need of a cotton gin of their own. The Farmers' Union negotiated, and again one co-op helped another. The members borrowed the necessary money from the Credit Union to purchase shares in a gin. It has been estimated that close to 2,000 bales will be ginned in the first year of operation.

It is planned to undertake the marketing of sweet potatoes next. This will necessitate building a potato kiln.

With rationing effective, farmers felt that the live-at-home policy was best for all. Gardens have been planted at every country home. Surpluses will be sold. Through the help of the state Vocational Educational Department, the building of a cannery, dehydrator, and hatchery has been begun. The Vocational Educational Department furnishes materials and equipment, and farmers are contributing

their work for the construction of a 30x60-foot building. Thus a great service is being rendered the community, for the use of the building will not be limited to members only but will be made available to all. A locker refrigerator to serve community needs is also planned.

Work alone, however, is not ideal; recreation is needed too. Farm organizations see to that. Some months ago over 300 farm families took part in a Creole "gumbo." Members of the state Department of Education attended, together with the president of the leading state agricultural college, members of government agricultural agencies, and clergymen. The supper was followed by a dance for the older folks to music of an accordion and fiddle.

This year, following Lent, more than 600 attended a party. The wife of the manager of the state co-op taught the boys and girls folk dancing. After the youngsters had danced, the floor was declared open to the fathers and mothers. To the accompaniment of an accordion and two rattling old table-spoons, they danced the mazurka and other old-time dances.

To those who say it can't be done, these people and their priests answer with the cry of the Crusaders of old, "God wills it."



It is our considered opinion that the level of public behavior is far higher in our parochial and denominational schools than it is in our public schools, and that this condition is the outcome of the organized teaching and practice of religion. New York Teachers' Alliance *Bulletin* quoted in the *Catholic Mirror* (April '43).

# Land of Storytellers

An interview with SÉUMAS MacMANUS

Irish fairies on Saturday

Condensed from the *Voice*\*

According to Séumas MacManus, who ought to know, Ireland has the greatest store of folklore in the world, not excepting the East, whose tales are welcome in all corners of the earth. Many of them have close connections with these stories of the East, for out of the East they came 3,000 years ago. A full 2,500 years ago they arrived in Ireland, having taken 500 years for the trip, so today around the turf fires of Éire (or the hearths of Donegal) can be heard the same tales, told, in slightly varying form, in Turkey, Persia and Araby.

But not all of Éire's folklore was brought from the East. A whole section of the storyteller's stock is indigenous to Ireland's own green hills. A great number of tales have accumulated and the shanachies know them all.

The shanachie, or storyteller, is a fellow with a long memory and a keen eye. The memory is for the tales he loves to tell and tells so well; and the eye for the black smoke pouring from the cottage chimneys. As he travels the countryside, "swinging his black-thorn stick and whistling against the lark in the sky," he is on the lookout for the chimney with the most smoke; for it means that under that chimney the greatest pot is boiling, and the shanachie, like other men, gets hungry

every day. And around his neck and around his waist are many bags—one for each kind of food that may be given him. His stock in trade is his store of tales and his wages are a roof for the night and a share of the boiling pot.

His welcome he presumes, and rightly so; and never asks permission to stay the night, for the people of Ireland would be insulted at the thought that one of God's poor had to ask a place under their roof. His "God save all here, barring the cat" is introduction enough and the dwellers of the house are quick to answer, "May He be thy light." And with that short preliminary, the shanachie takes over for the evening. Setting stick and bags in a corner, he joins in the supper the sign of which he saw from afar. Then, the meal completed, all kneel for the Rosary, and the mother of the house, whose sacred privilege it is to "give out" the Rosary, on this one occasion gives way to another, for the shanachie is not only the countryside's best teller of tales but also the best sayer of prayers.

During Séumas MacManus' youth in Donegal the great shanachie then was the Bachach Ruadh. And when the Bachach "gave out" the Rosary, he made no half-way job of it. He stretched it to twice its length, adding

\**St. Mary's Seminary, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md. June, 1943.*



trimmin's "for everyone sick and well, for everyone who had gone to America and everyone who had stayed home, for everyone you could think of and for everyone you could not." It was a great trial for the knees and patience, but the reward to come was even greater. After prayers, seats would be taken around the sweet-smelling fire (a fire not of wood or coal, but of peat—dried in the sun and sweetened in the wind) and the master of the house would set the evening off by taking his pipe from his mouth, wiping it on his sleeve, and passing it to the storyteller. A crowd would gather—for word of the Bachach Ruadh's visit would bring eager listeners—first making sure the Rosary was over. Ranged around the yellow fire, which made the only light in the room, they waited for the shanachie to lay aside the pipe and begin. The air was sweet with the fire; the room was still but for the occasional crackling of the blaze; the whitewashed walls and blackened rafters danced with the light of the flame. No wonder Séumas MacManus is still telling the tales he heard on those evenings long ago.

The shanachies have so many tales, they can talk every evening and all evening without ever repeating themselves. Thus before Séumas was seven he knew almost 100, heard at his father's fireside or at the little thatched school where the boys used to trade the best stories.

Young Séumas kept adding to his collection and he might have become a shanachie himself had he as much

liking for other elements of the profession as for its stock in trade. It happened, however, that he became a schoolmaster, teaching in the thatched school where he had swapped tales. He was 17; and it was agreed by all that the salary of \$375 a year was tremendous.

Then came the day when he began to realize the literary value of the lore he was steeped in; and Séumas MacManus, the writer, was born. So, after all, the 17-year-old with the 100 tales did become a shanachie of a sort. America has become his hearth and American youth his listeners; and though the dancing yellow blaze has to be imagined, they listen well indeed to such tales as MacManus tells.

There is, for instance, the story of how the fairies came to Ireland. It must be remembered that the fairies of Ireland are like sprites of no other land, as indeed nothing in Ireland is quite like any other thing. In Ireland they are called "the gentle people," for in them is no malice.

It seems that a very long time ago when rebellion stirred in heaven's angelic legions only a third of the multitude upheld Lucifer's black banner and hurled defiance against the King. Another third formed swiftly behind the gleaming sword of Michael and swore that they would defend the honor of the King. But a last third could not make up their minds which side to take. There must be a long fence in heaven, for all this third of the heavenly army was straddling it when the fighting began. Never was

the outcome in doubt; and when calm had come the gates of hell were closed on the hordes of Satan and Michael's loyal legions strode the halls of heaven, victorious. But what of that last third, the vacillating neutral ones? As those angels had been neither rebellious enough to merit hell nor loyal enough to merit heaven, they were banished to earth. But when Michael imposed the sentence, he permitted them to choose their place of exile. The answer was given quickly. "Since we lose heaven, let our earth be the most like the heaven we leave. Send us to Ireland." And so it was. Some fell into the sea and these are the mermen and mermaids whom the fisherfolk of Ireland catch sight of now and again. And the rest fell on dry land and became the fairies who live under the green hills of Ireland.

In the hearts of all Irishmen is an affection and pity for these "gentle people"; for, like the fairies themselves, men and women of Ireland realize what it means to be exiled from heaven and they hope that someday the heart of heaven will relent. In this connection, still another of MacManus' stories is apropos.

It has to do with a priest returning along a deserted country road from a sick call at midnight. His old gray mare plodded wearily along and the rider himself nodded in his saddle as he whispered his prayers. The moonlit road stretched out whitely, still and empty as far as the eye could see. And so it went till suddenly the old mare stood stock still and the eyes of the

rider went wide with shock, for there before them, come out of nowhere, were thousands and thousands of little men covering the road as completely as the moonlight had the moment before. Being a true Irishman, the priest didn't have to think twice before he decided that he had met the fairies. And he had more than a suspicion of what they wanted. Since, in such cases something must be said as well as thought, he asked them as casually as he could what the trouble was.

At that, one of the little men stepped forward and spoke for all. "We are the gentle people," he said, "gathered by hundreds of thousands to ask if there be any hope of redemption for us."

It was just what the priest dreaded. He threw up his hands in a gesture of despair and cried, "Go away. Go away."

But from every one of the hundreds of thousands of little throats came back the cry, "No! No! Tell us. Tell us."

Then the priest bowed his head and prayed for seven minutes. It was a long seven minutes, but at last he raised his head and gave the answer. "If in all your hundreds of thousands," he said slowly, "there be as much blood as sits on the head of a pin, then there is a chance for you."

And before his last word was out, there rose a great, lingering wail and in a trice the close-packed road was white again. Evidently Irish fairies don't have to have pictures drawn for them.

Then there is the story about the Fenians. On a beautiful May day these knights were out hunting by the sea, when out of the water rose a maiden in white, riding a white steed, and after her, 50 others. It was the Queen of Tir Na N'og with her ladies, on the hunt for a mortal husband. Naturally, since she wanted a handsome husband, she had come to Ireland, and since she wanted the bravest she had come to the Fenians. Of them all she chose Ossian, the leader, and off to the beautiful land of Tir Na N'og they went, she happy over her fine choice and he delirious with her dazzling beauty.

Ossian was very happy there—for 24 hours; then he began "thinking long" for Ireland. He asked permission to return for a visit and she begged him not to go; but he begged the harder and at length she relented. Setting off on a great horse, he was warned not to touch earth when he reached Ireland. He promised not to, and his horse was so swift that almost before he finished promising he was in Ireland.

Immediately he sought Fenians but to his dismay all he asked were in ignorance of even the existence of that fine band of men. Only one old man had heard his great-grandfather say that he had heard *his* great-grandfather say that he had heard of such a band who had once lived. The fame of the Fenians had perished (for a Tir Na N'og day was a long one), and Ossian was disgusted with this "land of little men" who let the memory of the great

die thus easily. He turned his horse and headed for Tir Na N'og. But on the way he came upon 16 men pushing mightily on a great rock and not so much as budging it. Ossian reined up, leaned from his saddle, and with one hand pushed the rock into place. But as he did so, his saddle girth broke and he slipped to earth and immediately turned into a very old man.

The story then has it that he met St. Patrick. The saint tried his hand on Ossian and after great difficulties managed to get this toughest old pagan of all into the fold. It was a great feat and it called for a celebration, and so St. Patrick decided to let Ossian look into hell and see his old friends, the Fenians, who had long since passed out of this world. When the vision of hell was granted, Ossian saw his brave band ranged against the black legions of Satan and giving a very good account of themselves. Little by little the devils were giving way before the onslaught of the Fenians and it did old Ossian's heart good to see it. At the fore of his old friends was Ossian's first lieutenant, wielding a flail and scattering the devils before him. But as they watched, the leather tug that held the two pieces of the flail together broke and the devils began to prevail. It looked bad for a while, but the leader of the Fenians somehow got a new tug and turned the tide just in time.

St. Patrick had been just as eager a spectator as Ossian but now that things were under control, he turned to the old Fenian. "What one request

will you have me grant you in behalf of these old friends?" he asked. Now, another man with less understanding of the Fenians might have asked that they be released from hell; but without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Just let that man have an iron tug to his flail." And if that doesn't tell all

you want to know about the Fenians and the Irish heroic tale, then I can't think of anything that will.

Séumas MacManus reports that in a great many libraries his tales of Ireland are being told to the little children on Saturday mornings and that the children like them. Little wonder.



## From Bread to Bombs

By HENRY M. KEMPER

Return engagement

Condensed from the *Southern Messenger*\*

**Messina** again hit the headlines when our warhawks dropped blockbusters on Roosevelt St. The last time our boys were sent to that Sicilian port was when Teddy dispatched the ship *Celtic* with about \$25,000 of food, clothing and lumber for the survivors of the Calabrian earthquake of Dec. 28, 1908, that took a toll of 76,483 lives on both sides of the Messina strait. At once Pope Pius X prepared the Vatican hospice, Santa Marta, for the orphaned children, and ordered a requiem Mass in every Roman church for the victims of that fateful Holy Innocents' day. The physician of the North American College, Dr. Galli, was commissioned to the scene of the disaster, together with the rector of the Propaganda University, Monsignor Bonzano, subsequently apostolic dele-

gate to the U. S. At our first lecture after the Christmas holidays, Cardinal Lepicier discussed the Messina calamity and the session concluded with the recitation by the class of the *De Profundis*. His Holiness sent his last spare soldo to those made homeless. Our American seminarians raised a purse of 1000 lire for Pope Pius.

On Feb. 7, about 14 of the 120 gobs on the *Celtic* came to Rome and found the Via Umiltà in time for Mass in our chapel. After services, the sailors were delighted to meet our seminarians, many of whom came from their respective home states. For us it was a *dies non* (free day) since it chanced to be the home-coming day of our rector, Bishop Kennedy, just returned from the U. S., who patriotically shared the festival with the sailors.

\*128 W. Commerce St., San Antonio, Texas. June 3, 1943.

Roman urchins called the seminarians *baccherozzi*, because their street coat, or *soprano*, with its two shoulder straps, resembled, in a farfetched way, a cockroach. Americans, with their habit of clipping words, reduced the term to *bags*. Likewise the word *gob* is an American abbreviation from the French *garde de l'eau* (guard of the water), pronounced by our boys *gobbyloo*, and ultimately *gob*.

Naturally there were Irish lads on the *Celtic*. One old salt particularly, who had been all over the world in our sea service to fill his cup of happiness, craved a papal audience, which came the next day. The tars had lunch with us in the college courtyard, and attended the concert arranged for the rector. About 24 members of the Sistine choir, including the celebrated Bucchi and Sabbi, furnished the vocal numbers, accompanied by an orchestra of ten Italian experts. The grand

finale was *America* sung by bags and gobs.

On July 28, 1909, I came up from Giardini Taormina, which the travel-lecturer, John L. Stoddard, considered the prettiest spot he saw in his world-wide excursions. I arrived at Messina intending to catch a boat for Naples, but my ship had met with an accident and I was delayed in the tumbled-down city. By that time there were long rows of one-story frame buildings, erected with donated American lumber along Roosevelt Avenida. In the Albergo Roma I spent my protracted stay fighting the African sirocco and the clouds of mosquitoes. Hundreds of long wooden boxes were still on a near-by street corner awaiting corpses that were covered in heaps with quicklime. It was a gruesome sight, and I was glad when the *Christopher Columbus* carried me back to Bella Napoli.



## So!

Soho was once written down as So-Ho. One would think it is an Italian word. But it is not. It is a great old English cry. The two syllables can be long drawn out: *Sol* and let the sound go full throttle for a good half minute; and then *Ho!*, giving the syllable full voice for another half a minute.

This Soho now is a famous quarter in the London West End. Its square is Soho Square. Two traffic-congested roads enclose it on two sides of the square.

In the ancient days, when they were giving the cry, *So-Ho*, all this quarter was pretty well wooded. They could start a fox so close to the capital. The shout was to indicate that a fox had left its "form," and that the hunt was on. That is what they cried about in those days.

J. P. De Fonseca in the Ceylon Catholic Messenger (3 Jan. '43).

# The Non-Vanishing Indian

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

A good Indian is a live Indian

Condensed chapter of a book\*

When the American continent was discovered, there were probably not more than 850,000 Indians in what is now the U. S. Moreover, they were widely scattered and their tribal organizations were largely unrelated. Their sparse geographical distribution was such that North America, unlike tropical lands, offered a unique opportunity for transfer of a large population without the necessity of mixing blood or culture. Not 1% of the valuable topsoil, virgin timber, and mineral resources of the land was used intensively. From his point of view, however, the Indian was making full use of his environment. Within limitations of native technology, there was literally no room for additional people on the continent. The European could never understand this fact, but it was an agonizing reality to the Indian. This cultural conflict brought war; then race hatred; then more wars in which race hatred served as a cause. There was, however, no prejudice at the outset. "Race prejudice," writes William Christie Macleod, in *The American Indian Frontier*, "is a social, not a racial phenomenon." Despite a sense of strangeness on both sides, there was no initial aversion. Inter-marriage might have taken place on an extensive scale save for the cultural fact

that, while an Indian wife was an asset to a fur trader, she was not an asset to a farmer. Later, after patterns of reaction had been formed, Francis Walker, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, preferred extermination of the Indians to amalgamation of the races.

Since they did not have to adjust their culture to that of the Indian, the colonists never bothered to understand him. In fact, the growth of a considerable body of sound information about Indian life dates from comparatively recent times. To the colonists, Indians were "savages," "heathens," and "barbarians." Having had only a limited experience with native peoples, they came to this country with firmly held views on what was later termed "white supremacy."

Not only were we extremely ignorant of Indian life and culture, but we determined to convert the heathen to our way of thinking, and, failing this, to kill him. An early Pilgrim, thanking God for a pestilence that practically wiped out an entire Massachusetts tribe, wrote in his journal: "By this means Christ, whose great and glorious works throughout the earth are all for the benefit of His churches and His chosen, not only made room for His people to plant, but also tamed the hearts of the barbarous Indians." Beeson, an early emigrant to Oregon,

\*Brothers Under the Skin. 1943. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. 325 pp. \$3.



wrote in his journal that "it was customary (for the settlers) to speak of the Indian man as a buck; of the woman as a squaw; until, at length, in the general acceptance of the terms, they ceased to recognize the rights of humanity in those to whom they were applied. By a very natural and easy transition, from being spoken of as brutes, they came to be thought of as game to be shot, or as vermin to be destroyed. The domineering spirit grew by what it fed on, until, excited to madness by these recurring scenes of blood, men became utterly regardless of justice, even towards those of their own race."

Community leaders, back in early-day Oregon, felt no compunction when they saw Indian women clubbed to death and Indian children dashed against trees. An early-day California emigrant said: "I had often argued with Good regarding disposition of the Indians. He believed in killing every man or well-grown boy, but in leaving the women unmolested. It was plain to me that we must also get rid of the women." Children, the seeds of increase, must also be killed. Early in the history of the state, the Colorado legislature considered offering bounties for "the destruction of Indians and Skunks." Every American is familiar with the classic dictum that "the only good Indian is a dead one." Fear and anxiety were factors in the formation of this fixation, fear of the unknown perils of the wilderness and of its equally unknown inhabitants.

Warfare all along the frontier was

almost continuous. Each of the successive frontiers which punctuated the history of national expansion was won by a series of Indian wars. Open hostility between whites and Indians was almost continuous from the beginnings of settlement until the so-called Battle of Wounded Knee in 1890, which was not so much a battle as a premeditated massacre of several hundred defenseless Indians.

These deep-seated sources of prejudice have not only been obscured by the lapse of time, but have been so rationalized that we no longer recognize them. Just as greed and piety were hopelessly confused at first, so our attitude toward Indians came later to be a fusion of personal greed and public spirit. The following statement by Macleod came to be the national dogma on the Indian question:

"The avowed feeling was that the function of Indian policy was after all merely to keep the Indian at peace pending his gradual dying off from more insidious causes than the sword or the bullet."

Getting rid of the Indians was rationalized as "opening up the country for settlement"; and dispersal of the Indian tribes was justified as "assimilation." Inasmuch as the Indians seemed to be dying off, we concluded "that it was inevitable, and the popular mind was in harmony with this feeling and its resulting attitude of watchful waiting." During the heyday of our attempt to assimilate the Indian, we sternly refused to accept him, as an Indian, into our society.

Such an inconsistent attitude cannot be dismissed as hypocrisy. (One Mallery, in 1888, referred to the "satanic consolation of the convenient extinction doctrine.") It represents now, as then, a social blindness induced by confused motivation and concealed by habitual rationalization.

The significance of the Indian, in relation to other colored minorities, consists in more than his role in the creation of a national psychosis. For when we consider ways and means of eliminating this psychosis, the Indian becomes, once again, the central and key figure. Only in connection with the Indian have we adopted the principle of federal responsibility for the protection and assimilation of a colored minority. In this one instance the federal government has long since acknowledged its responsibility, not only for the welfare of a particular colored minority, but for its eventual assimilation into the main currents of American life. It is strange that we should have failed so completely to correlate our experience with the Indian to similar experiences with other colored minorities.

We started dealing with the Indian tribes as nation to nation. We had inherited this general policy from Spain, France, and Britain. Those countries' eagerness to draw the Indians into alliances, when they were rivals on the American continent, made eventually for extreme delicacy in dealing with them. The policy was premised upon strategic, not ethical, considerations; also upon the assumption that Indians

had a possessory right to the lands they occupied (an assumption only indulged in when expedient). We pursued this policy as long as it suited us. But once having staked out the continent and eliminated all foreign rivals, we rapidly dispensed with it.

There then developed an increasing tendency to deny the sovereignty of Indian tribes and to deal with them by force of arms. Instead of sovereign nations, the Indian tribes became, in Chief Justice Marshall's phrase, "domestic dependent nations." An Indian Office was established in the War Department in 1824 to deal with the Indians; and later, in 1871, Congress prohibited further treaties with the tribes. During the purely military phase of domestic imperialism which followed, the Indian was in effect isolated from the rest of the world. Had the ensuing exploitation taken place on the world stage, it might have aroused a widespread condemnation. But since we had eliminated our rivals on the continent (they were bent on plunder in other parts of the world), no one gave heed to the eloquent protests of the Indian. Indian exploitation had become a domestic concern.

Our military conquest of the Indian, interrupted by the Civil War, was largely completed by 1880. It had been costly and time-consuming but, on the whole, profitable. We had driven most of the Indians west of the Mississippi and had acquired a vast domain for exploitation. In carrying out the military conquest, we had not interfered with the internal affairs of

the tribes (the technique of boring from within was not practiced at the time). In the process of conquest, large numbers of Indians had been concentrated, for convenience in surveillance, upon so-called reservations, all that was left of the vast Indian Territory. In a belief that it was cheaper "to feed than to fight them," most of the Indians had been placed on reservations by 1880. The military phase of the conquest completed, the Indian Bureau was, in 1849, transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior. Having acquired most of their territory, we rationalized the change of policy by saying that it was undignified to make war against the Indians. But dispensing with the policy of agreements with the tribes, an impasse threatened exploitation of their remaining lands. Here, then, was the situation: the frontiersman was impatient to possess the Indian lands and to get rid of the Indian; but the Indian, in custody, refused to give up his tribally owned reservation lands.

By 1880 there had developed a strong public opinion in favor of reform in Indian affairs. The reservation policy of providing beans and a blanket was obviously robbing the Indian of initiative and self-confidence. Since they constituted "a vanishing race," doomed to ultimate extinction as collective entities, the quicker this was achieved the better for all concerned. To many of those reformers it seemed that continued isolation of the Indian on the reservation and

maintenance of tribal organization and custom were the chief barriers to his immediate assimilation. Such assimilation would be greatly accelerated, they argued, if tribal governments were suppressed; culture and religion destroyed; and the iniquitous system of communal land ownership outlawed.

In general, the policy pursued by Congress after 1880 consisted in a cultural attack upon Indian life to "free" the Indian from the fetters of tribal organization, custom, and religion, so that he might be rapidly assimilated. Naturally the attack was primarily against tribal land ownership, the basis of Indian life and culture. The principal instrumentality in this phase of the campaign was the General Allotment Act (Dawes Act) of 1887. Its passage was celebrated as "franchise day" by Indian reformers and the act was hailed by such a distinguished Indianist as Francis E. Leupp as "the Emancipation Proclamation of the red man." Given the philosophy of the reformers who sponsored the bill, it seemed ideally suited for a twofold purpose: first, to permit land-hungry whites to overrun the Indian reservations; and second, to destroy the basis of Indian culture. It provided that every Indian, regardless of his wishes, should eventually hold a piece of reservation land in fee simple. Its sponsors rightly reasoned that once communal ownership was destroyed the very backbone of Indian cultural resistance would be broken. At the same time the Indian would

be given the same property rights and responsibilities as the white man. This would create, among Indians, that spirit of selfishness which, according to Senator Dawes, was the main motivation of white civilization. It would make the Indian a go-getter and a rugged individualist, no longer needing protection. It would also scatter the Indians among their white neighbors, to acquire our folkways.

To give the Indian some protection against the sharp practices eulogized as "thrift" and "prudence" he was not to be permitted to alienate his allotment for a period of 25 years. But not long after the act was passed, by amendments in 1891, 1902, and 1907, the provision against alienation was almost completely nullified.

The economic consequences of the allotment policy were, to put it mildly, disastrous. When the act was passed, Indians had about 138 million acres of land. In 1933 they had 52 million acres, fully half desert or semi-desert. In other words, under the act the Indians lost upwards of 86 million acres. Over 60 million acres of the so-called surplus land (the ceded surplus and the surplus open to settlement after allotment) were largely disposed of after 1887.

The cultural consequences of the allotment policy were, however, more disastrous than the economic. The policy undermined the economic, tribal, and social solidarity of the Indian tribes. In weakening the tribal organization, allotment theorists assailed the only foundation upon which

a transformed Indian society might have been built. The policy of individual assimilation tended to shatter family organization, since the allotments were to individuals and not to family units. Far from making a go-getter of the Indian, it destroyed his initiative and self-confidence.

The allotment program was merely one prong of the cultural attack upon the Indian. Not only must he be assimilated overnight, but his children must be liberated from the baneful influences of family, tribe, and culture. Children between the ages of six and 18 were "snatched" from their parents and sent to boarding schools, in many cases, hundreds of miles away, where they were kept from four to eight years. The objective of education was destruction of family life and liquidation of the Indian heritage. A vocational program forced youngsters to work long hours in laundries, boiler rooms, and workshops. Told to be Christians and good citizens, they were subjected to a discipline without parallel in American pedagogy.

Such a prolonged attack took a frightful toll. By 1923 Indians had declined in numbers from the pre-Columbian estimate of 850,000 to around 220,000. They had lost at least two thirds of all their land in area and about four fifths in value. Not until 1924 was a Division of Health created in the Indian Bureau. Tuberculosis, trachoma, infant mortality, syphilis, had taken a heavy toll. One observer characterized the reservations in 1931 as "germ-ridden cesspools of sickness

and disease." The policies reflected in the cultural attack upon the Indian were pursued for decades after their folly had been demonstrated.

Fortunately a new trend is apparent in administration of Indian affairs, with the appointment of Commissioners Rhoades and Scattergood in 1929, and in 1933 of Harold Ickes as Secretary of the Interior, of Nathan Margold as Solicitor, and of John Collier as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. For years prior to 1933, Mr. Collier had been exclusively concerned with the Indian problem. As the executive secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc., he had worked out a comprehensive philosophy of Indian administration. Although he could not realize in practice every item of this program, the progress made has been encouraging. He cites three objectives: economic rehabilitation of the Indians, principally but not exclusively upon the land; organization of the Indian tribes for managing their own affairs; and civic and cultural freedom and opportunity for them.

Underlying these objectives is "the simple principle of treating the Indians as normal human beings capable of working out a normal adjustment to and a satisfying life within the framework of American civilization, yet maintaining the best of their own culture and racial idiosyncrasies." It goes back even further, in Mr. Collier's thinking, to that reverence for the personality of the other person which is the heart of our civilization.

One thing is certain: the tendency

toward extinction has been definitely arrested. Indians now constitute our most rapidly growing minority. On Jan. 1, 1940, there were 394,280 Indians in the U.S. and Alaska (of the total of 361,816 for the U.S., approximately 241,000 live on reservations). Estimates indicate that Indian population might reach 700,000 or 800,000 by 1980. At any rate, the expected rate of increase for the period 1930-1980, for the various ethnic groups, is as follows: whites, 19%; Negroes, 50%; Indians, Mexicans, and Orientals combined, 139%.

All of the foregoing is not to imply that the Indian problem has been "solved." Thirty per cent are still illiterate; infant mortality rates are still more than twice as high as the national average; tuberculosis still claims a heavy annual toll of Indian lives. Taking the group as a whole, probably two thirds are either completely landless or do not own sufficient land on which to make a living even on a subsistence level. A survey of 131 Indian jurisdictions in 1937 showed that, excluding four well-to-do jurisdictions, the per-capita income (including subsistence) was \$161 a year. Housing conditions are deplorable.

Today one can still repeat, despite the progress that has been made, the famous opening statement of the Meriam report of 1928: "An overwhelming majority of the Indians are poor, even extremely poor, and they are not adjusted to the economic and social system of the dominant white civilization."

# Ersatz Philosophies

By JOHN K. CARTWRIGHT

Accept no substitutes

Condensed from the *Catholic University Bulletin*\*

When a good philosophy is out, one or more bad ones come in, for the philosophy-making part of our thinking system abhors a vacuum. If there is no true philosophy, there must be an *Ersatz*. Often the philosophies entertained are found in a state of contradiction even in a single head, for there is no limit to the intellectual hospitality of our modern *Candides*. Roughly, however, they tend to certain harmonies and sympathies. And it seems to me that at present there are three groups of ideas which tend to control the writing world and to form a dominant *Ersatz* philosophy. These ideas or idea-groups are: evolutionism, psychoanalysis, and socialism.

*Evolutionism.* It is generally believed, even in scholastic circles, that science has somehow demonstrated the physical descent of man and ape from a common stem. About this belief I have nothing to say, except to record my skepticism and pass on.

My point is that from this (true or false) notion of biological evolution we have worked up evolutionism. That is to say, we have gone on to infer, first, psychological evolution of the instincts and intelligence; then, social, economic, political, educational, cultural and other evolutions. In other words, the original, and in some sense, plausible theory has been carried by

leaps in the logical dark into farther and farther regions of thought. The modern writer and intellectual is even now (after 1939-1942) still helpless against this tide of imbecile optimism. Logic cries out in horror, but logic is Aristotelian and *déclassé*. We are no longer logicians but semanticists, and there is no help for us but to go on wandering like Longfellow's mad boy carrying our banner of no-meaning and bad grammar: "Excelsior!"

*Psychoanalysis.* Again I pause to register a personal note of deep intellectual disrespect for this particular triumph of the modern mind.

I am, of course, aware that the Freudian ideas have not made a complete success among the professional psychologists. In some cases this is due to the competence and good sense of these gentlemen. In others it is only because they were previously committed to fallacies just as absurd. But again I am talking of the writers who reach the multitude. Among them the triumph of Freudianism is almost totalitarian.

There is something about Freud and his friends which was naturally predestined to get over to the public. The mechanisms and gadgets which he invented to account for human behavior have something in common with a Rube Goldberg cartoon. In

\*The Catholic University of America, Brookland Sta., Washington, D. C. May, 1943.



addition, the terminology, the literary and artistic illustrations, the more than slight tincture of the pornographic, the ease with which amateurs can invade the field, all these have made a combination which bids fair to beguile the writers and readers of at least a generation. John Gunther in *Inside Europe* uses the idea of father-fixation to explain dictators. (That is to say, the nazi-fascist ones. Other dictators, of course, need no explanation to a mind of this type.) Ludwig Lewisohn has entirely rewritten the history of American literature, not to put up new idols, but to explain the old ones in terms of the new eroticism. These are but two examples, but a whole decade of dissertations could be devoted to analyzing psychoanalysis in its influence on the writers of the last ten years. If graphs were added to show how Freudian verbiage has increased by 6.35% in conversation in 1942 in contrast with 1941, we should have what campuses long for: a sensation.

*Socialism.* This is the true name of the thing to which I refer. Readers must be on their guard, for writers in this country seldom use the true name, almost always preferring *democracy* or *liberalism*. This is in deference to a healthy, if confused, prejudice on the part of the public, which is well aware that it lives in the country of all countries where there is no excuse for socialism.

Under whatever name, it can be said that there are not ten successful writers who do not worship at this idol's

shrine. The politicians are the muezins who raise the call, but all the writing brethren seek to be loudest in repeating: "We have all sinned against social justice."

I do not mean to say that there is no such thing as a sin against social justice. But I do want to say that an exaggerated sense of this sin has given gas to the very best bandwagon in the literary procession for many years. How long it will take for the fascination of this theme to wear out, whether it will yield first to the ennui which besets all enthusiasms, or whether it will be beaten under by the police of some dictatorship it is impossible to say. At least this ism is the most dominant of all literary isms. No one can hope to be published unless he disparages the high salaries of the publisher's executives and deplors the low wages of the printers and bookbinders. As yet nothing is required in the way of an attitude on writer's royalties. But true principles on the labor situation are of the very essence of the means of salvation.

These are the three idea-groups which dominate the present literary scene. They serve the writing world as an *Ersatz* for a true philosophy. More than this, they form an absolute dictatorship over the intellect. In the Middle Ages there were current and prevalent delusions, such as that of astrology. But those delusions were entertained as weaknesses; they were not imposed as tyrannies. That is exactly what these ideas are coming to be in our present enlightened world.

# Rabaul

Condensed from *Catholic Missions*\*

A "rising sun" is a passing cloud

**Few places** are so much in the papers as Rabaul, the capital of the mandated Territory of New Guinea. Almost daily bombings have attracted general attention to the island of New Britain, which the Japanese invaded in January, 1942, and made one of their strongholds in the Pacific.

Meanwhile, the northeast and east coasts of New Guinea were wrenched from the Allies, with the airports Lae and Salamaua. All belonged to the Territory of New Guinea, consisting of the northeastern part of the main island, the former Bismarck Islands and Northern Solomons. Situated due north of Australia, they extend in the form of a crescent between 145° and 160° east longitude and only a few degrees under the equator. From the missionary point of view there are four vicariates apostolic: two on the western side, entrusted in 1896 to the Society of the Divine Word; one in the center, founded in 1882 by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart; and one on the eastern, Rabaul, side, occupied in 1898 by the Society of Mary. This story is of the Rabaul vicariate.

All the islands are volcanic and coral. The larger are crossed lengthwise by high mountains towering in some districts to 14,000 feet; many are volcanoes, belching smoke continuously. Earthquakes are frequent and eruptions not rare.

The inhabitants are Melanesians, distributed in 70 tribes with different languages and dialects. Up to recent times they were cannibals and head-hunters, incessantly warring and plundering. Though discovered by Spaniards, Portuguese, French, British, and Dutch as early as the 17th century, they remained aloof from every religious influence. Their religion consisted in a vague fear of evil spirits, to be appeased by witchcraft and offerings. A sort of tragic spell seemed to hover over them, with their shining sea and emerald hills, their gorgeous birds and luxuriant vegetation. A dawn of blood had to precede the sunny day of their conversion.

The keen eye of the great missionary Pope, Gregory XVI, rested on the *Isles de la Mala Gente* (Islands of the Wicked People), as the first discoverers had named them. In 1836 he sent seven missionaries of the Society of Mary (Marianist Fathers) to those remote shores. After a perilous ten-month voyage, they arrived to start work under the most primitive conditions. After a few years, Father Peter Chanel (protomartyr of Oceania) fell under the axes of savages of Futuna. Some years later, in 1845, Bishop J. B. Epalle, at his first landing on the Solomon Islands, met a cruel death. In the same year three other missionaries were murdered and eaten by the Isabel Is-

\*109 E. 38th St., New York City. June-July, 1943.

landers. A lay Brother was murdered in 1847. Bishop Epalle's successor, Bishop Collomb, died of exhaustion and fever shortly after arrival on Rook Island. And a missionary from Milan, Father Mazzuconi, was clubbed down by savages of Woodlark Island in 1855.

The uninterrupted butchering in the South Sea Islands prompted suspension by the Holy See of mission activity there, leaving time for God's grace to fertilize the blood-drenched soil. Then in 1881 a fantastic adventure again called the Holy See's attention to them.

A French nobleman in Brittany, encouraged by a soothsayer's prediction that he would be king of a powerful nation, dreamed of founding a new France. His imagination had been captivated by vast spaces of the Pacific ocean. Glowing reports of New Ireland Island riveted his attention.

Immediately he started propaganda for colonization. Anticipating modern American real-estate promoters, he sold lots in the new colony he had never seen and of which he knew nothing. Millions of French francs flowed into his pockets. Four ships were equipped and about 600 colonists landed at the point called "Port Breton." The place was most unsuitable for settlers. Behind a splendid harbor lay only a narrow strip of swamp, backed by steep volcanic mountains. The colonists found a damp, oppressive climate. With malaria rampant and no quinine available, many died. Others went to Australia.

Meanwhile, a spiritual undertaking

was afoot. Pope Leo XIII resolved to resume the mission work. He urged Father Jules Chevalier, founder of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, to send priests to New Guinea. On Sept. 1, 1881, five young missionaries left Barcelona, landed at Macassar on Dec. 22, and a year later got to what is now Rabaul. The little band knelt and kissed the soil and then planted the banner of the Sacred Heart. Crossing to the Nodup, at the foot of Mount Mother, they were received with apparent friendliness by the Kanaka chief To Litur, sitting in all his majesty on a tree stump. He offered them a small native hut. Their money had dwindled; their clothes were in rags; they had nothing but their Mass kit, breviaries, and a few personal articles; for they intended to live like the natives. Scarcely had they settled, however, when malaria laid them low. But they recovered, and a European planter offered a parcel of land at Kininiquan, where they erected a larger house and laid out gardens for their support. Then came more misfortunes.

Their new house burned down and the missionaries just escaped with their lives. Undaunted, Father Navaree wrote to his General in France: "We are ruined: may the Sacred Heart of Jesus be praised." Nothing remained but to go to Australia for materials for new and more durable buildings. One priest was left behind. He possessed literally nothing—not even the consolation of celebrating Mass or of reading his Office. He lived with the Kanakas, like a Kanaka.

Nature has been exceedingly generous to this corner of the world. All year round the temperature is between 80° and 90°, with nights generally cool. Golden shores are playgrounds of old and young. The glittering waters of the ocean teem with fish, the woods with wild pigs, opossums, and birds of all kinds. The fields yield taros, yams and sweet potatoes; bananas, oranges, breadfruit and papayas may be picked in season. There are no wild animals except crocodiles and sharks; but a world of mosquitoes, sand flies, cockroaches, white ants, and scorpions make life miserable.

The missionaries found natives of a low type, dirty, diseased, living in miserable bush huts or leaf sheds. Their possessions were primitive clubs and stone axes, bamboo knives, and small outrigger canoes. They were fierce fighters, cannibals, cruel and superstitious. Their habits were shameful. Dark secret societies were the vogue. Murder and plundering were the order of the day. Charity and mercy were unknown: the weak were habitually oppressed, often killed; old persons were left to starve or were strangled.

The missionaries studied the languages of the islanders. But as no vestige of written characters existed, they had to extract every possible word from the people. It was an endless fumbling and guessing. The children were wild and could hardly be made to go to school; the adults had few abstract ideas and were engrossed in the rudest materialism. Patience and a supernatural spirit, prayer and sac-

rifice were the only means of conquering these difficulties. Missionary letters of those days are full of apprehension, but full also of sublime trust in God. Schools were opened and small hospitals erected. Seven years elapsed. And the result—only 75 baptisms, mostly of children and adults at the hour of death.

A new era dawned in 1890 with appointment of Bishop Louis Couppé, M.S.C., the first vicar apostolic, and the arrival of more missionaries. Conversions increased and the vicar apostolic tried to place his mission on a sound economic basis. He set up a sawmill and laid out plantations for the permanent support of the missionaries. Then he turned to more distant areas, in the mountainous Baining country. The inhabitants of this vast district probably were the original islanders who in ages past had been pushed into the mountains by other migrating tribes. These tribes, of a stronger physique and somewhat higher culture, made frequent incursions on the coast, massacring and eating the adults and forcing the young persons into slavery. Bishop Couppé helped retrieve the slaves, whom he gathered within a sort of reservation. Father M. Rascher, M.S.C., their great benefactor, founded in the mountains the St. Paul station, which prospered from the beginning. Although the Baining language was intricate, Father Rascher composed a grammar and several religious manuals. But greater than his science was his love for the poor Baining people. He redeemed them from

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slavery, treated and nursed them, and instructed them in the faith.

On Aug. 13, 1904, the five Sisters and three Brothers at St. Paul had heard Mass, and received Holy Communion from the hand of Father Rascher, who was sick with fever. They had a light breakfast, and went about their work. A new church was under construction. Two lay Brothers were putting the last touches to the building.

A native, To Mari, had taken a rifle to shoot pigeons, as he had often done before. Father Rascher was lying on a cot when To Mari appeared at the window and shot him in the heart. The priest dragged himself to the threshold, where he dropped dead. At the same time Sister Anna, who was bringing him some linen, entered the house. Seeing the bleeding body on the floor, and the armed murderer before her, she fled into a side room where she too was killed. A Brother working under the house, hearing the reports of the rifle, ran toward the school. He was struck by a bullet and done to death with a pointed weapon. Sister Sophia, surprised by bloodthirsty companions of To Mari as she returned from the hospital, was killed near the house. A Brother working near the church was felled with an axe. His death was instantaneous as was also that of another Brother who was spreading cement. He was found with his trowel still in his hand. In front of the Sisters' house, Sister Agatha was dressing children's sores. The murderers pounced upon her and horribly

disfigured her. Her bandages were found at her side. Sister Angela was found dead at the foot of the temporary altar. On the porch of the house, Sister Agnes, expecting the death blow, received it with her veil over her eyes. In a distant village, Nacharunep, another missionary, Father Rutten, was shot as he sat on the porch reading his Office. Thus in about five minutes ten missionaries were barbarously killed.

It was a terrible blow. But when the news reached the motherhouse in Europe, there was no need of a special call. Ten had been cruelly murdered; 20 volunteered to fill their places.

The first World War was a period of almost complete standstill, and for a mission this is equal to disintegration. Even so, the Sacred Heart missionaries carried on courageously. A hard struggle was waged against sickness, loneliness, and privations. But never was confidence lost in divine providence.

The Protestant missionaries thought that with Great Britain occupying the territory, they would win the natives. However, the contrary happened. Many soldiers, being Irish, openly displayed their medals and powerfully impressed the Catholic natives by their constant attendance at Mass and frequent reception of Holy Communion. History repeats itself today. American Catholic soldiers are showing the islanders their solidarity with them in Christ.

In 1926 a glorious *Te Deum* was sung when missionaries were again allowed to enter and work as freely as before. With this turn of events mis-

sion work improved vastly. A large catechist school in eight years sent no fewer than 240 catechists into the field. Many new districts were opened all around. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was generous. The bread cast on the waters was not cast in vain. American lads now benefit.

The catechists did the spade work, followed by missionary priests. As new Protestant sects were looking for areas far and near, the Catholic mission could not wait. Those were busy years. Mission schooners were constantly on their way, carrying priests and material between the islands, and the Brothers were overburdened. But the natives rushed to the Catholic religion.

At the same time, the medical work was thoroughly organized. A doctor from Europe volunteered. Many Sisters with medical certificates came over to labor. Modern equipment and instruments were acquired. A maternity home was established. A large leper station was entrusted to experienced Sisters. In all these ways evangelical charity found ample opportunity to display heroism, to heal bodies, and save souls. The yearly total of medical treatments rose to 500,000.

At the time of the Japanese invasion there were more than 200 European missionaries, including 60 priests, 50 lay Brothers and 100 Sisters, in the Territory. The native Sisters numbered 45; there were also 500 native catechists at 60 main stations and 300 secondary stations. There was a major and preparatory seminary with 105

students, 12 orphanages, two professional schools, and 400 elementary schools with an enrollment of 14,000. Catholics numbered 65,000, catechumens 20,000.

These happy successes were not unalloyed. On May 28, 1937, at 1:30 P.M. an earthquake shook the whole Rabaul area, causing damage, and frequent minor quakes followed. Next day at 5:20 P.M. a tremendous explosion occurred on a tiny island which had sprung up 60 years before. The sea boiled and a huge column of smoke and steam rose through the seething waters, intermingled with immense boulders and grey ashes. The smoke whirled up 20,000 feet and over it the blue expanse of sky shone in the bright sunlight. A canoe was swallowed with five native occupants. They were never found. From all parts people fled in every direction. Five hundred died instantly in the lava and fumes. Residents of Rabaul, in whose direction the stones and ashes were driven, seemed trapped but managed to flee to the tiny village of Nodup. At the same hour, mission schooners being loaded with supplies for the west coast lifted anchor and sped through smoke and flames to rescue them. The boats made seven trips that night. At midnight 1,000 refugees were being accommodated at the mission headquarters.

Many Fathers with their flocks had narrow escapes. Some fled, quieting the natives and leading them to safety. The natives behaved splendidly, praying aloud, asking for mercy. In one church Mass was celebrated at 6 P.M.,

probably the first evening Mass ever celebrated in the tropics. It was said because hundreds of the islanders wanted to receive for the last time and there were not enough Hosts for all. Catechumens were hastily baptized.

The bleak dawn revealed the change brought by that night of horrors. When natives were advised to flee there were no more roads, no trees, no native houses: only immense desert, grey with pumice and ashes cut in all directions by deep gullies and ravines, strewn with trees and boulders. The sea was boiling under several feet of pumice. Some had to stay 48 hours in the church, so threatening were the huge columns of smoke and lava whirled in the midst of frightful lightning.

The eruption lasted four days and four nights and left hundreds of square miles a barren desert. In the meantime, without so much as an order having been issued, the vast mission organization switched over to rescue

work. Hundreds after hundreds came in. Houses and stores were put at their disposal, new buildings were erected overnight, light and water was provided, clothes were washed, food cooked in huge quantities, and all these works of mercy proceeded naturally and smoothly, without interrupting community life and without disorder.

Now the Japanese invasion has cut all connections. No supplies come in. Medicines, particularly quinine, cannot be replenished. Disease breaks out among missionaries and natives alike. Many victims will be claimed. The missionary will deem himself fortunate if he is allowed to say holy Mass. Restrictions will hamper the work. Some missionaries may have been killed or interned; others cannot visit their flocks. Many missionaries are in a crucial period, but all have a quiet, abiding confidence in our Lord, who sent them and watches over them and their flocks.



### Giveaway

In his book, *Fast By The Road*, John Moody tells how he called a cab early one morning in Chicago. Before he could say anything the cabby was driving like the wind down the street and around the corner. "Hold on," I yelled, "where are you taking me?" "Cathedral," shouted back the driver, "fer what else would a guy be goin' out sober this early on a wet morning? I knew ye were Catlick. Ye sure have the look."

Quoted by Merlin J. Guilfoyle in the *San Francisco Monitor* (29 May '43).

# Lourdes in Literature

By LIAM BROPHY

Mary's own Pierian spring

Condensed from *Assisi*\*

**The interest** which Jewish Franz Werfel's novel, *The Song of Bernadette*, has aroused, prompts a survey of the literature which has grown up around the grotto of Lourdes. As Chanoine Roussel pointed out in his book, *The Glories of Lourdes*, many men of culture, including several non-Catholics, have written about Lourdes in terms of enthusiastic praise; others, a small minority, in accents of doubt or condemnation. Henry Lassere wrote what must still be the most celebrated book. But Zola's notorious novel, *Lourdes*, has given rise to the widest controversy. Zola denied the existence of the supernatural and wrote with a stark realistic faithfulness to physical reality. He saw nothing in humanity but the human animal (*le bête humaine*). Nobility, spiritual greatness, self-sacrifice meant nothing. He collected what he called *les documents humains* (human documents) as a man of science might collect specimens of plants or fossils, and then drew philosophical conclusions.

Zola visited Lourdes in 1892, having prepared himself with characteristic thoroughness by reading all the authorities on the subject. He traveled on the white train carrying the invalids. He showed great reverence for Bernadette, but used it as a peg on which to hang his anticlerical gibes.

The heroine of his novel is a young girl, drawn from real life, as indeed were all his characters.

On the train to Lourdes Zola had met a girl suffering from the most painful form of lupus. True to his system of human documentation, he made a minute study of her case. At Lourdes he witnessed her gradual cure, which was certified by Dr. Boissarie of the Medical Bureau. Under his own exact observation Zola saw the girl grow healthy; not only that, he witnessed a repulsive wolfish expression of her face change to that of handsome girlhood. It was a lasting cure and she later married and became the mother of five healthy children. Yet, in his novel Zola makes her die on the journey home after a relapse, ascribing her cure to autosuggestion. Her disease he describes as "an unknown formation of ulcers of hysteric origin." Dr. Boissarie, who had enabled Zola to witness the various stages of the cure while at Lourdes, visited him in Paris, and asked why he had allowed the novel to evolve so. Zola replied with some irritation, "I suppose I am the master of the persons in my own books, and can let them live or die as I choose. And besides, I don't believe in miracles. Even if all the sick in Lourdes were cured in one moment I would not believe in them."

\*4 Merchants' Quay, Dublin, Ireland. May, 1943.

The famous convert, Huysmans, whose *En Route* is so well known, wrote his last book, *Les Foules de Lourdes* (*The Crowds of Lourdes*), to refute the scurrilous novel of Zola. Like all Huysmans' books, it contains many interesting remarks on ritual, literature, art, and history. He was saddened by the ugliness of the ecclesiastical art of his day, an ugliness that in his opinion seemed to reach its climax in a setting such as Lourdes. "The perpetual blasphemy of the Ugly," he termed it, whereby the devil strove to offer continual insult to our Lady! Like the great English poet-convert, Coventry Patmore, it was at Lourdes that Huysmans obtained the grace of perseverance, as though the waters of the Gave river had washed away the last traces of doubt remaining in his heart.

Jørgensen, the great Danish poet and convert, visited Lourdes, and offered his meed of homage in a book of delicate charm and scholarly erudi-

tion which recalls *Franciscan Pilgrimages* of his earlier days. It has been translated into English by Ingelborg Lund.

Francis Jammes, who has been well called "an anonymous troubador, wandering through the 20th century, content to sing humble canticles to God and His Virgin Mother," was a constant visitor to Lourdes. He has given us a pilgrim book, *Le Pèlerin de Lourdes*, and verses which are unique in the Marian poetry of our day: *A Canticle of Our Lady of Lourdes*. Another Francis, François Mauriac, has written a book of exquisite prose, entitled *Pèlerins de Lourdes*; while in English prose there is John Gibbons' familiar *Tramping to Lourdes*. Finally, John Oxenham, though a Protestant and Free Churchman having, as he says, "no leanings to Rome," has written a book entitled *The Wonder of Lourdes*; few books on the subject of the shrine of graces have been written in a spirit of greater reverence.



### General's Pride

By profession I am a soldier and take pride in that fact, but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; the father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And, while the hordes of death are mighty, the battalions of life are mightier still. It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me not from the battle but in the home repeating with him our simple daily prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven."

Gen. MacArthur in the *New York Times*, quoted in the *Catholic Virginian* (Jan. '43).

# Realistic Basis for a Just Peace

By GERALD G. WALSH, S.J.

Blueprint for the future

Condensed from an address\*

Rev. Dr. Gerald G. Walsh, S.J., of Fordham University is the editor of the quarterly *Thought*. Of timely interest is the announcement recently made by Archbishop Stritch of Chicago that a volume compiled by the Bishop's Committee has been issued, entitled *The Principles of Peace, from Pope Leo XIII to Pope Pius XII*.

The world's most outstanding and practical realist is the Pope. He has proposed ten points for a program of world peace, five of which deal with the relations of nations to one another, and the other five with the mutual relations of citizens within the nations.

In regard to international order, the Pope, like a good realist, starts with the love that most men bear to the nation in which they are born. The word *nation* is, in fact, a Latin word meaning "the place of birth." The nation may be very small, as in the case of Luxembourg; or very large, as in the case of the U.S., but "the will of one nation to live (says the Pope in his first point) must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another." It may require a good deal of expert knowledge to draw the frontiers of all the historically formed nations of the world; but it can be done. And when it has been done, such nations "great or small, powerful or weak," will have the same "right to life and independence" which individuals, strong or

weak, have within the nation itself. This pattern of free nations is the first point of the Pope's plan.

There are two immediate conditions for the enjoyment of such rights of national independence, one negative, the other positive. The negative condition is that such nations be free from fear of attack by larger neighbors. Concretely, the only way to guarantee that freedom from fear is by the policy, accepted by all nations, of progressive disarmament, until we reach the point when the only army in the world will be the army of international brigades. A progressive and universal disarmament is the Pope's second point.

A difference between out-and-out realism and idealist realism is that in the former case we arm the Big Four: the U.S., Britain, Russia and China; and disarm the Bad Four: Germany, Italy, Japan, and Vichy France; while in the other view we arm only the international defense force and disarm all nations, including our own.

There is another and positive condition for the defense of the right of national independence: the substitution of the principles of international law for the policy of the balance of power. If nations are not to defend themselves by arms they must be able to defend themselves by reason. This

\*In Cathedral Hall, Hartford, Conn., as published in the *Lamp*, 102 Ringgold St., Peekskill, N. Y. June, 1943.



means there must be some sort of international organization, with legislative, judicial and executive functions.

Such an international juridical institution will "guarantee the loyal and faithful fulfillment of the conditions agreed upon" in the peace and will have the power, "in case of recognized need, to revise and correct them."

The Pope does not call for resurrection of the League of Nations in its original form. The League of Nations was based on the idea that each of the absolutely sovereign members merely agreed to work in common without surrender of independent sovereignty. Experience proved what reason could have foreseen, that such verbal agreement could never last. Only some sort of federal arrangement, a little like our own, in which individual states surrender certain rights for the common good of the world community, has any chance of enduring success. It is for this federation of limited sovereign states that the Pope looks, as the only real guarantee of national independence. This is his third point.

Such an international institution must itself have certain limitations.

And here the Pope passes from historical reality and political expediency to never-changing principles. Certain needs, whether of whole peoples or of racial minorities, are real; and certain demands are, therefore, just—antedeedently to any decision even of an international court. Before such truth the court itself must yield.

Here we come face to face with a principle; with the idea that when

men are the victims neither of external tyranny nor of their own passions they recognize a law binding their consciences which we may call the natural law, the law which commends itself to human reason as being obviously for the common good. There may be some debate about particular applications of this fundamental law; but unless it is accepted in principle as binding on the judges of the international court, then the very terms of the peace we make will become in time the cruelest of tyrannies. Those who drafted our Constitution acknowledged the natural law and that is why they foresaw the necessity, in the light of that law, of modifying from time to time the Constitution itself. This reign of natural justice, then, is the Pope's fourth point.

Existence of such a natural law supposes, in turn, the sense of responsibility in those who administer it. If there is to be enduring peace, both the people and those who govern them must submit willingly "to the influence of the spirit which alone can give life, authority, and binding force to the dead letter of international agreements. They must develop that sense of deep and keen responsibility which measures and weighs human statutes according to the sacred and inviolable standards of the law of God; they must cultivate that hunger and thirst after justice which is proclaimed as a beatitude in the Sermon on the Mount and which supposes as its natural foundation the moral virtue of justice; they must be guided by that universal love which is the compendium and most

general expression of the Christian ideal and which, therefore, may serve as a common ground for those who have not the blessing of sharing the same faith with us."

This is the ultimate principle of all idealism, the idea of the sovereignty of God and of the consequent obligation of the human conscience to seek to know God's law and to follow it.

We sometimes speak of this principle as that of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. From the point of view of personal liberty we acknowledge God as the source of certain inalienable rights; and from the point of view of world order, we also acknowledge God as the source of inescapable duties.

It is on this ultimate principle of the sovereignty of God that the Pope bases not only his five-point plan for international order but likewise his program of national order.

From that principle he deduces five lines of policy: The first concerns the dignity of each human person as a son of God. The person must have within the national community the same right to life and independence which the nation has within the world community. This means the right to intellectual life, education, worship, to a family, to work, and ownership.

The second concerns the family as the fulfillment of the individual and the basic unit in society.

The third concerns labor, and in particular a just wage and the right to private property.

The fourth concerns a genuine jurid-

ical order. The courts within the nation must acknowledge a fundamental law for the reign of justice and equity within the nation, just as the court of international law must acknowledge a juridical order governing international relations.

The fifth demands that the states shall acknowledge the sovereignty of God.

Such, then, are the principles, policies, and plans of the practical idealists. In the concrete, however, the question of whether religion will have any real effect in the making of the coming peace is largely the question of whether these ten papal proposals can be accepted, before the peace, as a common-ground program for all the practical realists in the world, whether secular or religious, and if religious, whether Jewish, Catholic or Protestant.

One of the striking evidences of approval was the letter addressed to *The Times* of London on Dec. 21, 1940, and signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the late Cardinal Hinsley, and by the moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, Mr. Walter H. Armstrong. It stated: "The present evils in the world are due to the failure of nations and peoples to carry out the laws of God. No permanent peace is possible in Europe unless the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundations of national policy and of all social life. This involves regarding all nations as members of one family under the fatherhood of God. We accept the five points of Pope Pius XII as carrying out this principle."

# Religion in Russia

By EVE CURIE

Music, when soft voices die

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**It was** Sunday in Kuybyshev. I had been told that the service at the Orthodox church started at 11. I drafted an interpreter, a Mme. Israilowitch, to come with me. We left our car and took a path of hardened snow toward the century-old edifice, erected through the generosity of a rich merchant when Kuybyshev still bore the name of Samara.

The church stood alone, in a quiet part of town. Its pointed roofs and small bulb-shaped domes were painted in soft colors, their dominant shade being almond green. As I came near, I had the indefinable impression that for the first time since my arrival in Russia I was recognizing individuals I had seen before. Indeed I had seen them—but only in my imagination, while I read the novels of Dostoevski and Tolstoy, Turgenev, Ivan Bunin, and Chekhov. Every great artist who had painted a picture of the huge Russian crowds, without hiding the faces of the humble and destitute, the old and sick, the desperate, degenerate, crippled, had described some of the men, women, and children gathered in and around this church.

I first had to pass the few beggars lined at the door in a lamentable group. They made me suddenly realize that nowhere, in Kuybyshev or in

Baku, in these cities of food queues, had I thus far met a beggar in the streets: the three or four beggars around the church of Samara were, in fact, the only ones I was to see in Russia. They were elderly men, crushed by illness, with long beards and hair, wearing indescribable rags, and mumbling in low, broken voices the litany of their request. Only one of the beggars was quite young. He, too, came out of a Russian novel. He had crazy eyes and a distorted, expressionless face, ravaged by some frightful disease that was killing both his body and mind.

There were few persons entering the church with me and I thought it would be half empty. On the contrary, it was completely crowded: I was late. The edifice was already humming with prayers and songs. I was overwhelmed by the pathetic appeal and infinite sadness that the Orthodox rites always convey to me, even though I don't understand them.

I had left outside the dazzling white landscape of snow. Inside, the mysterious shadow in the domes of the roof; the frail, individual glare of the candles before the icons; the shine on the golden frames of the icons themselves, innumerable, pressed against one another on the pillars and the walls; and

\* *Journey Among Warriors*. Copyright, 1943, by Eve Curie. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 501 pp. \$3.50.

the soft daylight coming through the windows all blended to create an intimate atmosphere. And truly the people seemed intimate with God. There was none of the worldly convention that finds its way into Sunday services where worship is linked with respected social habits. To go to church in Soviet Russia was allowed, but not officially encouraged: it was definitely not "the thing to do" on Sunday mornings. I could take it for granted that the men and women gathered in the church of Samara had been led by unshakable faith.

I looked at the faces around me—then at the faces of the hundreds of other people who were standing in the church, tightly pressed against one another. None was young. It was as if the young had vanished, escaped, as if only aged people had remained to pray for the absent.

There were a great number of old men, most of them with long beards, whose clothes reflected extreme poverty and want. Some of them had handsome, typically Russian faces, marked by an untold sorrow. As they muttered their prayers *sotto voce*, as they repeated, all together, in a sad chorus, the "*Gospodi pamilu!*" ("Lord, have mercy!") that constantly recurred in the service, I could feel the passionate sincerity of their supplication, which, at times, brought tears to their tired eyes. From the gallery at the back of the church came soft music and the melancholy voices of the choir. The congregation crossed themselves again and again, in the Orthodox way, while

making those deep Russian bows to God, so full of deference and dignity. The women pushed their way silently toward the icon in front of which they wanted to stick a lean candle. Then they fell on their knees and kissed the ground. I noticed several middle-aged couples, more tidily clad, who might have been the remnants of a decimated *bourgeoisie*. These couples, and the very few younger people who attended the service, were more restrained than the old in their behavior. They did not kiss the ground; they only made discreet bows toward the altar and confined themselves to an unobtrusive meditation. Because of the old-fashioned clothes and aged, wrinkled faces, the whole ceremony struck me as a moving survival of the past rather than as a part of the actual, present life of Soviet Russia. The golden gleams around the icons added a strange reminiscence of bygone luxury.

As I went out, I said to myself, "What have I just seen and felt here, in this little church of Samara, that so far I have felt nowhere else in the USSR?" I soon found out what it was: I had, for an instant, stepped out of the organized society of the soviets, built on inflexible rules. On the faces of the old men and women praying, and also on the painted faces of the icons, picturing graceful scenes of the annunciation or episodes in the lives of the saints, I had found the softness of indulgence and of human pity.

The question of freedom of religion in the Soviet Union had been widely discussed in America and in England

and had, to a certain extent, become an issue in Allied foreign policy. The logical thing was to send a dispatch to New York and London about the church full of worshipers and the service. Somehow, I felt unable. I knew that every word I should write would be at the same time true and false, honest and dishonest. It was true that I had attended an impressive religious service, and true that I had seen a crowded church. But I wasn't at all sure that the conclusion should be that Christian faith was alive and respected in the USSR. The people I remembered in the church—the old and destitute, the ignorant, the humble, the irremediably crushed—had in fact strikingly convinced me that, on the whole, the young Russian generations had parted with Christianity, that they had been converted to a new faith that left room for no other worship.

I later verified the official abandonment of anti-religious propaganda so that freedom of religion had become more of a reality than in previous years. Communist leaders might have done so as a concession to Christian allies of the United Kingdom and of the U.S., or as a gesture of wartime national unity inside Russia. I saw another reason: 25 years after the 1917 Revolution, the soviets did not need to oppose religion any more, for, generally speaking, religion had lost all influence on the young. In Moscow, for instance, out of about 600 churches, only 18 or 20 were now open, and they were quite large enough for the churchgoers. The battle against the Church was won,

and the victor could afford to sign an armistice.

I found unexpected confirmation of these views when I visited the Orthodox priest who officiated at the Kuybyshev service. Bishop Pitirim lived in a tiny cell of the church building, which I reached by climbing a narrow staircase as steep as a ladder. He wore his long black robe and high black tiara. There was something traditionally majestic about his square beard and about the way the black veils attached to the tiara fell in soft folds on his shoulders. On his breast hung a plate of emeralds and other precious stones, framing a holy picture in ancient enamelwork.

After a momentary contemplation of his accouterments, I found that Bishop Pitirim's face was much like that of a shrewd and good-humored peasant, capable of coping with changing events as one does, on the farms, with the changing moods of weather. He was determined to smile, whatever happened, and his eyes, as he spoke, had a clever and witty look which, sometimes, did not entirely confirm his optimistic words.

He told me that he was born in Tambov, where the ashes of St. Pitirim were kept; that this was the reason for his choosing the name of Pitirim when, only two weeks before, he had been made a bishop and been assigned to the Kuybyshev diocese. In earlier times he had been a parish priest in Saratov; then, for many years, the superior of a monastery.

With a remarkable frankness, he

recognized that religion had, "of course, gone down in Russia." Quietly, he explained it: "There have been two opposite propagandas in the Soviet Union, one for God and one against Him. Obviously, the more successful of the two has not been ours."

He insisted on the fact, however, that there was and always had been freedom of religion. "Churches are closed when they prove to be no longer necessary because of too small an attendance. In the same manner, new churches are opened to worshipers when people ask for them." He asserted that this did happen, and that in the vicinity of Kuybyshev two churches had been reopened recently. There was, of course, no religious education for the children in the schools. If some parents wanted their children to be taught religion, they had to ask the priest to teach the child in their home. I asked Bishop Pitirim if there were any young priests in Russia. The only young man he could think of was a monk aged 28.

I suggested that the weakening of religion in Russia must have very much distressed him. Again he smiled. He was a realistic man who had made his peace with the new regime, and he was certainly not going to complain in front of my official interpreter. He said slowly, "Under the czarist regime the clergy was wealthy and had strong political influence. From these riches we have been separated—let us say, been liberated. The result has been that the Russian Church, having lost material power, has become more tru-

ly Christian and solely concerned with religion. The same change has happened with the worshipers. Nowadays only those who really believe in God come to the divine services." And, accentuating his smile: "It makes, of course, for a much smaller attendance than before."

I had been told that the attendance in the churches had grown larger since the outbreak of the war. Bishop Pitirim confirmed this, but refrained from far-reaching conclusions therefrom. He simply remarked, "In all countries, more people pray to God whenever there is a war and an invasion."

He said that, on the whole, the officers and men in the Red Army were "not at all religious." However, it had happened once or twice, to his knowledge, that a man in uniform had entered the church of Kuybyshev.

This had been a very matter-of-fact conversation. The things Bishop Pitirim had said, and those he had left unsaid, threw a clear light on the position of the Church. Suddenly, as we came to speak of the war, the Bishop warmed up and told me how the Orthodox Church had taken sides in the conflict immediately after the German attack:

"Prayers for the Russian victory started spontaneously in our churches in all parts of the country, even before we received any instructions," he said. "Then Metropolitan Serge called formally on the clergy, urging us to bless the soldiers who defended our soil. Everywhere in the world, and especially in the U.S., members of the Russian



Orthodox Church have shown a most patriotic attitude."

I asked, "In exactly what words do your prayers refer to Russia and to the Russian Army?"

Every sparkle of irony, every sign of resignation had left the clever, dark eyes of the bishop—of the old patriot. In the depth of his heart he had probably accepted the fact that the reign of the Orthodox Church was over. But he would never accept or tolerate that the soldiers of Germany should beat the Russian soldiers in the field. Whatever faint power the Church still retained, he resolutely threw into the battle.

"Prayers for final victory are a part of all the services in our church—then we have special, additional services dedicated to success of our arms. We pray for our soldiers, we pray in memory of our dead, and for the relief of our suffering wounded. We send our fervent wishes to the 'leaders of the Army.'"

"In these prayers, what do you actually call your country—the Soviet Union?"

This detail in the wording, on which I insisted again, did not seem in any way important. Russia was Russia, whether it was called the Soviet Union or the Empire of the Czars. The bishop answered, as if this went without saying: "We pray for 'our sacred motherland,' and ask our worshipers to do more than pray: to take the greatest possible share in the war effort. Not very long ago this church was able to participate in the purchase of a tank for our armed forces."

I took my leave, went down the steep stairs, and walked back toward the car. The church was silent now; there was no more soft music. Instead, I could hear the town's loud-speakers. An official spokesman was giving news of the front and telling the population how the Red Army was battling against the German fascists. His voice could be heard from every room, in every house.



## *End of the War*

During the first World War, Marshal Foch's chauffeur was being constantly asked some such question as this, "Pierre, tell us this: when is the war going to end? You ought to know."

"The minute I hear anything I shall tell you," Pierre would reply. And one day he came to his comrades and said, "The Marshal spoke today."

"Oh! And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Pierre, what do you think of this war now? When is it going to end?'"

*The Father Mathew Record (May '43).*

# How To Start a Forest

By RICHARD J. DORER

Design for a monument in wood

Condensed from the *Conservation Volunteer*\*

Three years ago at the annual outing of the Minnesota Game Protective League at St. Paul, delegates from the Gibbon, Minn., Sportsmen's Club listened attentively to various addresses ranging from *Water Resources* to *Deer Mortality*, and from *Soil Erosion* to *Community Forests*. Practical, energetic individuals, they were typical of their rural community of 700, sharing mutual love of the outdoors and an earnest desire to contribute towards conservation and restoration of our natural resources.

Since they considered it an honor to represent their 200 active members, daily tasks had been laid aside and 95 miles had been covered by motor car while the cities slumbered, and every delegate was at his post when the president tapped the desk and pronounced the annual meeting of the Minnesota Game Protective League duly convened.

Let us clarify one point. Gibbon sportsmen are a friendly, fun-loving lot who like nothing better than meeting their brother nimrods, exchanging experiences, and having an all-round good time. But, on this occasion, the trip was not a pleasure jaunt. A new conservation commissioner had just taken office, with the possibility of big things in the making. Seriousness of the work at hand was evidenced by

their secretary who, ably coached, took notes on every matter of interest to the boys back home. Furthermore, they won representation on the resolutions committee and, in the discussions following each talk, they asked direct, practical questions that could not be sidestepped.

During the ride home the delegation from Gibbon unanimously agreed that the warnings should not be disregarded, and that if each sportsmen's club devoted its energies towards fostering a single restoration project, whether planting woodlots or impounding waters, the cumulative benefits resulting from such a constructive undertaking would stagger the imagination. It was from this that the Sibley County Forest had its inception.

One month after the St. Paul conference, the Gibbon Sportsmen's Club had decided to plant a forest. While one committee was selecting a suitable site another applied to the supervisor of game for the Division of Game and Fish for planting stock from the game nurseries. When informed that, under existing laws, no trees, shrubs, or vines could be supplied, except for use on public lands, no one seemed unduly disturbed, for they expected many snags. They charted an entirely different course. Their attorney was consulted, 40 acres of land were acquired

\*Room 18, State Office Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. July, 1943.

in the name of one of the club's officers, and county officials were contacted regarding the deeding of this tract to the county as a conservation area. Such conveyance was made and red tape complied with.

It required little persuasion to convince the club members that they now had an opportunity to plant a forest to benefit wildlife, add to the attractiveness of the area, and afford exceptional opportunities to those interested in nature study. With this in mind it was decided to adopt a circular pattern with a center plot 490 feet in diameter, encircled by a 30-foot drive; joining this drive and radiating from it to the main road along the perimeter, there would be eight drives equally spaced, like the spokes of a wheel. These were to be intersected by another circular drive located midway between the outer and inner circumferences. Needless to say, the engineer's task was difficult—surveying and staking out one of the most unique planting sites in the world, but he stayed at it until the job was completed according to specifications.

During the spring of 1941 little planting could be attempted because of preseasonal hot spells which advanced the stock and cut the digging and packing period to less than 12 working days. However, in May, 1942, more than 50 club members and their friends were on hand to start the future forest monarchs on their long climb into the blue. It was a gala day, with lunch, liquid refreshments and hordes of mosquitoes which hovered over the

planters like planes following a convoy. As we watched the happy throng, doing its bit for posterity, we recalled the familiar song, *Home on the Range*, and its words, "where never is heard a discouraging word," which seemed so appropriate.

The selection of species for the forest called for a foundation of native Minnesota stock and then a sprinkling of other trees and shrubs indigenous to North America, to lend variety and intensify interest. The center plot was for larger species of hardwoods, which included oaks, hackberries, elms, ash, black cherry, black walnut, yellow birch, sycamore, maples, yellow poplars, hickories, and basswood. The next circle of eight sectors was for native conifers and smaller deciduous types such as buckeyes, honey locust, black locust, white birch, ironwood, poplars, Kentucky coffee tree, bitternut, hickory and butternut. The forest's crown was to slope gradually from the center to the fringe of shrubbery on the outer perimeter, so the next eight sectors were devoted to smaller types such as buckthorns, mulberries, blue beech, chokecherries, pin cherries, junipers, white cedars, wild crab apples, mountain ash, bladdernut, witch hazel, buffalo berry, dogwoods and plums. Inner drives are bordered with white spruce, while each of the four corners is to contain a small triangular patch of Colorado blue spruce.

With the forest outlined and more than 50% of the planting stock in the ground, the Gibbon Sportsmen's Club was awarded the silver cup for the

year's outstanding contribution to conservation and restoration. In May, 1942, when trucks arrived with additional planting stock, there were more than 60 workers eager to put the finishing touches on the first phase of the job. But the second phase needs explaining. Once the 26,000 transplants have advanced to the point where they form a leafy canopy overhead, it will be necessary to introduce species of vegetation whose natural habitat is the forest floor. All of these types cannot be obtained from the state nurseries, so the boys from Gibbon must find the stock elsewhere.

Other communities have watched this undertaking, and have asked for assistance in planning and planting wildlife conservation areas and municipal forests as soon as the war ends. These projects may be dedicated as

living memorials to those now in the armed forces.

Gibbon literally is studded with service stars. The young men and women of military age have disappeared from its streets and from the surrounding country. Many who assisted in the planting now are scattered along the far-flung battle lines defending their fellow men's right to assemble, to discuss, formulate and carry out just such a plan as that which made Sibley County Forest. They helped to build their own memorial, a living one, more appropriate than the marble soldier who keeps his solitary vigil in the city park. When peace again comes to the world, other communities, imbued with the desire to do honor where honor is due, will emulate Gibbon—the little south-central Minnesota town at the edge of the prairie.



## Scholar

Passing through Hyde Park on Sunday, and noting, as I always do with satisfaction, that there at any rate the primacy of theology is acknowledged and the politicians are outnumbered by two to one, I stopped before one speaker who reflected very well the national skepticism about degrees and letters after one's name.

He was describing his interview with, he said, naming no year, the president of the Free Church Council, who asked him if he had been to college. "Yes," he said, "King's College, and taught by the King Himself, and not King George, but the King of kings."

And had he any letters after his name? Indeed he had: M.A., B.A., D.D., B.D., A.S.S.L.U.; and they meant Made Anew, Born Again, Devil Dodger, Bible Digger, and A Simple Spool Looking Upward.

Douglas Woodruff in the *London Tablet* (3 April '43).

# Louis Braille: Benefactor of the Blind

By T. J. McINERNEY

The blind who lead the blind

Condensed from the *Rosary*\*

**Louis Braille**, a devout French Catholic of a century ago, is the most revered figure in the history of the welfare of the blind. In fact, authorities on the education of the sightless are agreed that the introduction of his braille system was the greatest advance ever made in education of the blind.

Louis Braille was born at Coupvray, France, on Jan. 4, 1809. Coupvray is about 23 miles from Paris. Louis' parents were in comfortable circumstances, the elder Braille being an honest harness maker.

As a child, Louis was intensely interested in his father's work. When he was three, he took it into his head to help his father, but the knife slipped and put out one of his eyes. Sympathetic inflammation followed in the other, and soon both eyes were sightless.

Louis attended the village school until he was ten. At home he spent his free hours working at simple tasks about his home and his father's shop, always taking particular delight in being with his father. The elder Braille was deeply affected by the accident; after every attempt to restore the lad's sight had failed, the parents consented to his attending the School for the Blind at Paris, which accepted him early in 1819.

Always distinguished for kindness

and good character, Louis soon became popular. While attending the school he showed an aptitude for music, became a proficient student of the organ and later a successful teacher. For many years he was organist in a number of Catholic churches in Paris. Both R. S. French, in his social and educational study of the blind, *From Homer to Helen Keller*, and W. H. Illingworth, in his *History of the Education of the Blind*, believe that Braille's primary interest was music, and that his invention of the braille system was undertaken with musical notation rather than literature in view. Illingworth says:

"An argument is the fact that a genius such as Braille should have formed an alphabet without any relation between the number of dots used in the letter and the frequency of that letter's recurrence in ordinary literature. Louis Braille considered the exigencies of ordinary literature secondary to those of music, and his genius stands justified today. There are many variations of the braille alphabet and contraction signs, but only one musical alphabet, and that practically as he made it, still unchanged in all parts of the world where braille of every kind is used."

The impression must not be gained that Braille invented the first system of

\*141 E. 65th St., New York City. June, 1943.

enabling the blind to read. He did devise the system of embossed type which, in one form or another, is used almost universally. Another Frenchman, Charles Barbier, engineer, inventor and philanthropist (incidentally, not blind), invented a system of embossed literature which many believe was not meant for the blind at all, but as a military cipher code. He referred to his system as "night-writing," suggesting that his embossed writing plan was designed to carry military messages to be read in the dark.

There were many faults in Barbier's system. French states: "Barbier saw the crudity of his first attempt, and at once set about to modify his system. Many variations were tried, one of which involved a greater number of rows, each with a reduced number of points. It became quite a fad among the Parisian blind to vary Barbier's 12 points, either numerically or in arrangement, thus to improve the system. It remained for a young blind student of the Paris institution to bring Barbier's work to a high degree of practical utility. This student was Louis Braille, and the system has ever since borne his name."

The Barbier system required learning an elaborate cipher; phonetic and not alphabetic, and clumsy to read or write. French, in his tribute to Braille, says: "Braille's greatness lies therefore in his grasping the fundamental elements of Barbier's inventions without becoming a mere follower and adopting the vices with the virtues. The stroke of genius which cut Barbier's

ungainly cell (of 12 points) in half, brought the tangible sign within the scope of a single fingertip. Therein lies the greatness of braille—points in easily perceived groupings become unit symbols under the reading finger, which reads letters or other wholes, not the disjunct single points.

Starting with ten basic symbols and adding thereto, Braille produced 40 signs. Both pupils and instructors in the Paris School for the Blind, which had elected him a professor at 17, recognized the superiority of Braille's system over all other known methods. However, the school authorities refused to accept the braille system and its inventor was forced to teach it "out of hours."

Louis Braille's tireless quest for a simple method by which the blind could enjoy good literature and communicate with one another affected his health. In 1835, when he was 26, he began to fail. In 1837 he completed the publication of his entire system, which, with slight changes, is the one that has made him a beloved benefactor of the blind.

At the Paris school, Braille taught grammar, geography, history, mathematics and other subjects, and also found time to develop a number of excellent pianists. He also wrote several treatises; that on arithmetic is still regarded as a masterpiece of clearness and precision.

The braille system has been enriched further by the invention of a shorthand method taught as part of all curriculums based on the system. Braille



typewriters also followed as a natural course in the wake of typewriting machines for the sighted. The one most commonly used was invented by a teacher of the blind, Frank H. Hall, in 1892. This machine brought great joy to blind students and later improvements have raised it to a high degree of perfection.

Braille died in 1852. Not until 1854 was his system officially adopted by the School for the Blind in Paris. The system had a more difficult struggle abroad. It was introduced into Britain about 1868, but it required 20 years to acquire anything like recognition in institutions for the blind. The system was introduced into America about 1860, being first taught in the Missouri School for the Blind at St. Louis. It was immensely popular with students. French, who made an exhaustive study of the entire question of education for the blind, expresses wonder that the system should have experienced such difficulty in attaining recognition. Today, 91 years after his death, the influence of Louis Braille's spirit is more widely felt than ever. There is scarcely a school for the blind in the world in which his system is not basic. It may be said that the invention of the system assured the adequate education of the blind for all ages.

The invention of Braille has also facilitated the enjoyment of good literature. Braille libraries have been established where the best-known books of lasting worth can be secured by the blind.

In the field of Catholic literature, a

noteworthy service has been performed by the Xavier Free Publication Society and Library for the Blind, in New York City. The society, founded in 1900 by the late Father Joseph M. Stadelman, S.J., was directed by him until his death in 1941. The society has published thousands of books in braille for the blind and has a circulating library of works of art, astronomy, education, biography, essays, fiction, history, literature, medicine, religion, and travel. For the last 32 years, the society has published *The Catholic Review for the Blind*, a religious-literary magazine sent free to any blind applicant. Formerly published monthly, it is now a quarterly.

Another splendid contribution to the dissemination of Catholic literature is made by the *Catholic Digest*, published in St. Paul, Minn. The original arrangements for production of the braille *Catholic Digest* were made through the Catholic Guild for the Blind, of Boston, Mass., which organization took care of all details of having the magazine set up and distributed. The braille *Digest* is printed by the National Braille Press, Inc., of Boston, where most of the work is done by the blind themselves. Fortunately, a federal regulation dispenses with postage on volumes sent to the blind or returned by them to libraries, so that considerable expense in transporting such volumes is avoided. The *Catholic Digest*, for instance, requires three large volumes because braille embossed printing takes up considerable space.

The influence of Louis Braille and

his system is further reflected in the work of Catholic organizations and various archdioceses throughout the U. S. The Kenwood Alumnae of Albany, N. Y., has made possible the recording on talking books of the Gospel according to St. John and the Acts of the Apostles, and the Brooklyn Circle of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae provided funds for recording the Gospels of the three other evangelists. The Library of Congress purchased a number of these records and placed them in about 20 lending libraries for the blind all over the country.

Typical of the humane archdiocesan work being done is that of the New

York and Boston areas. In the former city, the Catholic Institute for the Blind educates blind Catholic children, giving them a complete religious and academic training. The Catholic Center for the Blind is a residential center for blind adults who have occupations or other interests and is maintained by the New York archdiocese. In Boston, archdiocesan authorities recently purchased an estate at nearby Newton, to further its program of aid for its 1,700 blind Catholics. This program is administered by the Catholic Guild for the Blind, which has established a Catholic Braille Library. Similar fine Christ-like work is being done in other archdioceses throughout the country.



## *Praise the Lord and Heed this Admonition*

*Pray now.* Don't wait until you're on the operating table or in a foxhole.

*Attend Mass.* It's better to be sleepy in chapel than fast asleep in the barracks.

*Remain pure.* You can't expect to get to heaven by raising hell.

*Learn the Act of Contrition.* It's more useful than knowing the words of the latest song hit.

*Confess often.* Bullets and bombs and shrapnel don't give a tinker's damn if you're not ready to meet God.

*Examine your conscience every night.* That's one policing detail you should never try to goldbrick.

*Read your Bible.* It's both GI and Catholic. Don't postpone it till you're on a raft with Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker.

*Tell it to the chaplain.* He's just your parish priest in uniform.

Chaplain Henry Senft in the Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., *Catholic Sentry*.

# The Red Cross

Crusaders for a happy death

By LAWRENCE VOISIN, S.J.

Condensed from the *Crusader's Almanac*\*

**The Red Cross** is a powerful organization, but like many great movements, its true origin has been obscured by time, and its true founder is scarcely known.

The first Red Cross society was founded June 29, 1586. On that day, Rome, as usual, celebrated the feast of SS. Peter and Paul with great solemnity, and crowded vast St. Peter's to the doors. Prominent in the church was a small group of Religious, distinguished from other Regulars by a red cross on their cassocks and their long, flowing mantles. Members of a new Religious Order, they had come with their founder, St. Camillus de Lellis, to dedicate themselves to the sick and the dying in hospitals, in prisons, on battlefields, and in many plague-stricken areas of Europe. Calling themselves the Fathers of a Happy Death, they were the first Red Cross society, and their founder was the originator of our present Red Cross, of military hospitals and field ambulances.

No one present at that ceremony would have recognized in the tall and dignified St. Camillus de Lellis the famous tramp and trooper of 12 years before. He was then in Naples, and if one searched the slums, gambling dens and barracks of Europe, he could not have found a more degraded man. He was one of the demobilized company

of the notorious Fabio, just returned from defending Tunis, whose riotous soldiers one night crowded into the town's most disreputable gambling den and swarmed around the card tables. Camillus was there, conspicuously tall, ugly of face, clothed in rags, on his unbandaged leg a running sore, repulsive even to hardened troopers. Though only 24, he was the most experienced campaigner of all.

Fortune was not kind to him that night. Coin by coin, he lost the money earned a dozen times over on the desert's burning sands and almost earned with his life when the galley in which he crossed from Africa barely rode out a violent storm. But at last fortune seemed to smile. He was certain his hand would recoup his loss, for betting was high. He had no money left to wager, but confident, he ventured all, his sword and gun, his powder flasks and heavy military cloak. The atmosphere grew tense. Not long before at this very table Camillus had staked his shirt on the turn of a card and had lost, and they remembered his bitter curses. Intently watching now, they were relieved that Camillus had taken off his sword, for they knew that one of his opponents held a better hand.

Such experiences were common for Camillus. He had been reduced to

\*Commissariat of the Holy Land, Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C. July 1, 1943.

destitution many a time, for he had never known restraint. His father, a soldier when need or mood seized him, a gambler by profession, was never at home. His mother could not control and even feared him. She died when Camillus was 12, broken by her worthless husband and by her son, like him churlish, lazy, stubborn, and quarrelsome.

At 17 Camillus, already a soldier, enlisted in his father's company. Under the older man's tutelage he became adept at cards, and they gambled and tramped and fought through the length and breadth of Europe, joining any army that would hire them.

Camillus became in two years as hardened and vicious as any soldier in Europe, lawless and daring. Then something shook him to the very depths. Traveling to Venice with his father to join an army there, both of them fell sick while on the road, and Camillus, the stronger, tried to nurse his father back to health. But the years of debauchery took their toll and Camillus saw his father die before he could even shelter him. Strangely enough, in dying the man remembered the faith of his youth, and grace, perhaps earned by the prayers of his wife, flooded his soul. With tears of repentance he made his confession, received the sacraments, and died at peace with God.

Fear seized Camillus. Perhaps death would strike him even more suddenly and there might not be time to prepare his soul. He vowed to join the Franciscans.

The Franciscans were more than kind, but they could not accept him. Even if he had a vocation, which was doubtful, he was not physically fit. Sickness had reduced him almost to a skeleton and in his ankle was a wound which would not heal.

His good resolutions and his vow forgotten, alone and friendless, Camillus tramped from place to place. He finally reached Rome, and while passing St. James' Hospital an idea struck him. He would work there and for his services would ask them to heal his wounded leg. Once cured, he could join an army.

So Camillus worked for the first time in his life. He swept and scrubbed, and performed menial duties. His leg was slowly mending, and in time would be permanently cured, the doctors said. Removed from dangerous companions, he seemed to have conquered his gambling habit. But his work left him some idle hours, and he taught his fellow workers how to gamble. Soon the men became quarrelsome and rebellious, and shirked their work. The authorities found cards in Camillus' room, and he was discharged before his leg was completely healed.

Penniless and despondent, he joined an army fighting the Turks. He was attacked by dysentery while at Corfu, and thus missed the Battle of Lepanto. Shortly afterwards he became involved in a duel, and was discharged from the army. In extremities, he begged. He joined another tramp and followed wherever he led.

While in Manfredonia, a well-to-do citizen noticed them. He asked Camillus why he was begging his bread instead of earning it. The answer came readily. Many times before he had answered the same question. He was a disbanded soldier, he replied, and no one would hire him. In those days ex-soldiers were distrusted, and with good reason. But the man was not to be put off. A monastery was under construction outside the town and he gave Camillus a letter to the foreman in charge.

When his benefactor had ridden away, Camillus was taunted by his partner. He allowed himself to be dissuaded from his purpose, and sullenly followed his companion. But when they had almost reached the next town a great grace came to Camillus. It was a Franciscan monastery that was being built, and it reminded him of the old vow. He decided to take the work. With a heroic effort, he suddenly turned and ran back to Manfredonia as fast as his wounded leg permitted.

This time his conversion was complete and final. But his companion followed him at his work and laughed; the children jeered. The temptation to gamble returned. The wound made his work doubly hard. Moreover he had always hated labor, and driving donkeys was not pleasant. But with grim determination he kept on.

Months later when the monastery was finished, Camillus applied for admission and was received, but in a short time his wounded leg forced his dismissal. Four years later his leg

seemed healed, but he had scarcely rejoined the community when it broke out afresh and Camillus was again forced to leave.

Realizing he must find his vocation elsewhere, he went to Rome to work at the very hospital of St. James from which he had been expelled. He was again given a trial and in a few years was made superintendent.

He then conceived the idea of a Religious Order to tend the sick; he was appalled at the slipshod methods of nursing, and saw that standards could be raised only if those in charge were prompted by charity. Wages would never inspire heroic sacrifice. Camillus resolved that for his followers love would be the motive for their work, and the red cross their emblem. The Crusaders had worn it; his followers would wear it in their crusade to save the bodies and souls of men.

He had at last found his work. But it was obvious that he must become a priest. He had hated school and it took a tremendous effort, at 32, to learn with little boys the elements of grammar.

After he was ordained, a hospital was donated to him. He gathered a few followers, and began to take care of the sick and the dying. The Pope approved the Order, and Camillus was unanimously elected its first General. In addition to the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, they took a fourth, a vow to attend the sick and the plague-stricken.

As the members of his Order increased, Camillus was able to extend

his charity. The poor were given food and clothing, and if they did not come to him he sought them out and helped them secretly. The sick in prison were visited, the condemned were prepared for death. So much did Camillus make the help of the dying his special care that eventually his Order took its name from that work.

Shortly after its founding, a pestilence swept Europe. In Rome 60,000 died, among them St. Aloysius Gonzaga, stricken while working among the sick. The Red Cross Camillians were soon familiar and welcome figures in the city and throughout the country, and several were martyrs of charity.

After the plague was over, Pope Clement requested Camillus to send his brethren to aid the wounded in battle and for the first time in history a Red Cross society was on the battle

front. The Camillians furnished transportation for the wounded, set up dressing stations and military hospitals, provided medicine and bandages, and tended the sick and dying. It was difficult in those days to finance their work, but they managed it.

Foremost in all charities was their founder, Camillus. For 46 years, until death, he suffered from his wound. For more than 30 years a painful rupture necessitated an iron truss. The soles of his feet were so covered with sores that every step caused agony. For the last 30 months of his life he could not eat anything which did not make him sick. At times he was so weak he had to be helped out of bed, but only death could end his charity. Dying, he continued to thank God for His mercy. Then thinking of the Red Cross, he extended his arms in the form of a cross and calmly died.



America was founded on the principle of separation of Church and state. This is absolutely true and we have no desire to change this principle. But our country was not founded on the principle of the separation of religion and the state. Our Founding Fathers intended that no particular religion should be the national religion, but they never intended that the state should be devoid of religion. It never entered their minds that we would grow up to be an irreligious nation, nor did they ever think that education would be divorced from religion and morality. This is evident from the fact that no signer of the Declaration of Independence was educated in a nonreligious school. For a century the U. S. did not have a president who was educated in a nonreligious school.

Fulton J. Sheen in a Catholic Hour address (21 Feb. '43).



# Canadian Family

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

Condensed from a book\*

A song awakened us before daylight. A man was singing lustily in French below our window. In the darkness we could hear the jingle of sleigh bells along the village street as he drove past, and above the bells, the mellow voice, booming out of a mighty chest. It was an old French song, such a peasant song as the troubadours must have sung in the lost France where these Quebec people came from, long ago. Slowly the song faded with a dying tinkle of bells, far down the Island of Orleans, towards the St. Lawrence.

We lay there in our huge, carved bed, under the eaves, and listened to the last faint sound, trying to picture the unseen man on the sleigh, whose fathers had sung carelessly like this, here on their island, for 300 years; trying hard to forget that it was 1941 and no songs in the world any more.

Then the great, cranky bell of the church clanged out, suddenly, fiercely, with sharp tongue and morning temper, rousing the villagers to worship. The priest would be there in the freezing church, pulling the bell rope as it had been pulled regularly every morning, without fail, since 1717. When the clanging ceased, grudgingly, we could still hear the thin sound of sleigh bells, far off, and a last frail shred of song.

Now Madame Garneau was moving about downstairs, lighting the new,

white-enameled stove, just shipped on mail order from Quebec, and the finest on the island. In a little while we could feel the heat of it, ascending through the big trap door which opened into our bedroom on a cunning arrangement of rope and pulleys.

M. Garneau was sitting before the kitchen table in the corner where a tiny electric light glowed day and night on a high shelf, before a colored china figure of the Virgin and her Child, with a bowl of artificial pink flowers beside her. M. Garneau read his Bible to prepare himself for Mass, his heavy fingers slowly tracing out the words. Every morning he goes to Mass before breakfast, trudging through the deep snow of the village street. Yet M. Garneau is not a specially religious man. He is just an ordinary poor farmer of Quebec, with a weatherbeaten, shrewd Norman face.

Madame was cooking breakfast over her new stove, to be eaten after Mass. She bowed shyly to us, a tall, lean woman like a picture by Rembrandt. Her face was placid, with the immense and solemn dignity of the land, but strangely sad. I remembered how she had told us simply of her grief, "*pas des enfants*." To live without children in Quebec, to live without hope of leaving your house, your land, to a son of your own, is hardly to live at all.

\*The Unknown Country. 1942. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York City. 386 pp. \$3.50.

M. Garneau greeted us jovially in the kind of childish French that we could understand. "*Bon jour, madame et monsieur! Beaucoup de neige aujourd'hui!*" He pointed to the window and in the first morning light we could see the snow, drifted deeply against the porch. "*Ah, oui,*" Jean said brightly in her remarkable French, "*beaucoup de neige.*"

That was the queer thing that we could never get quite used to: not a word of English was spoken in this old house in the very heart of Canada; hardly a word of it on the whole Island of Orleans,\* a few miles from the busy city of Quebec. But that is the first thing we had to understand if we were to understand Canada, and the first thing that an American must understand, if he wants to know what sort of neighbors live beside him, guard his northern frontier, require his aid in war and peace, as he requires theirs.

Canada is not English: that is the first thing to understand. Half of it has no British blood. A third of it speaks French. It is a North American country, its people a North American people, as old on this continent as the people who are called Americans. Two great races are here. One came from France but has been separated from its first homeland for nearly two centuries and knows no land but this. The other came from England but not until it had lived for several generations in the American colonies and become part of the New World. It is because these blood streams have not yet merged, be-

cause their cultures have remained so well balanced and each so vigorous, that Canada is still a dual personality: a country not fully formed, not crystallized yet into final shape and substance, young and awkward but with youth's strength in its lanky body, youth's restlessness and uncertainty and love of life in its heart. No guide-books have pictured it, no historian has told its story, no poet has sung its song.

These were the first people of Canada, among the first white people of America, people like the Garneaus, whose fathers had lived in this house for nearly two centuries and on this island in the St. Lawrence since 1648. They never expect, they never want to live anywhere else, and if there were children to plow this land after them, to cook at this stove, to pray before this shrine in the corner, life would be complete.

When they started down the road in the snow towards the church, where the big bell was again clanging in the belfry, we had a chance to look about their house and guess how they lived.

It was an old house, not far under three centuries, built of stone, the walls two feet thick and the roof supported by vast beams, roughly hewed, mortised together with oak pegs and dark with age. In the cold, clean attic under the roof everything was in place: Madame Garneau's spinning wheel, her loom, her huge painted chests of mittens, gloves, hooked rugs, linens and woolen goods which she had made in the winter and would sell in the summer. At one end of the attic the stone

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, '41, p. 61.

chimney thrust up through the floor and through the roof, ten feet wide.

The two bedrooms in the eaves were filled with huge pieces of furniture, and our bed, with curious pointed ends capped by carved fleurs-de-lis, would have held a family of four at least. There was a small stove in the corner, painted aluminum color, with neat round birch logs in a basket beside it. The wooden walls were yellow and green, shiny and smooth as satin. The whole interior, indeed, was painted up like a dollhouse, in greens, yellows and reds. You felt as if you were living in a toyshop at Christmas time.

But all this was a setting only for the real jewel of the household, that masterpiece, the parlor. It was separated from the rest of the house by handsome glass doors (a recent improvement, by their newly varnished look) and it was seldom entered except when the priest called or a corpse was laid out, or the whole Garneau tribe gathered, 50 strong, for a reunion at New Year's. Then the glass doors were flung wide, revealing the inner spectacle.

In one corner stood a tall brick fireplace, painted a glistening red and never used, lest the flames mar the paint work. The firewood was laid on it neatly, but no one would ever touch a match to it. On the mantel above were myriads of seashells, collections of wax fruits under round glass covers, colored photographs of parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews; and more of them on the up-right piano, a vast clan of Garneaus,

some living down the river, some as distant as Montreal, one in Winnipeg, but no children of this house. *Pas des enfants.*

We did not step past the threshold of the parlor and quickly closed the door with a feeling of sacrilege; and we looked at each other, trying to imagine the babies exhibited there to the admiring relatives, the New Year's parties when a new year might bring happiness instead of new wars, or the corpse of a Garneau stretched out there, with candles beside it, awaiting burial.

We went out on the porch and looked down the street. The village clung to this narrow road, every house grasping it for support and comfort: the oblong, hip-roofed houses of Quebec, with fat, comfortable chimneys at each end and a little porch in front, the true Canadian architecture, brought from France but so deeply rooted in Canadian soil as to be almost native. Like a Christmas card it looked, the village of St. Pierre, with its double line of gaily painted houses laughing at the snow. A red sleigh jingled by, and the driver, in a rough fur coat, like a grizzly, raised his whip to us respectfully. The people were coming out of the church now, black shapes against the snow far down the road, where the last houses of the parish straggled into the white fields. Presently the Garneaus trudged up the steps, stamping the snow from their boots.

We all sat at the table beneath the little electric light and the shrine of the Virgin in the corner. After bless-

ing himself, M. Garneau attacked his porridge with interest and considerable sound, pausing to suck the thick milk from his long mustache. Then came eggs from Madame's chickens (they had laid straight through the winter, she said with pride), bacon from her pig (ah, he was a fat one, that, and used to gorge on the windfall apples), and strawberry jam (plenty of manure of the cow, you understand, makes the strawberries grow large and juicy). All these things we praised as best we could, Jean excelling herself with murderous adjectives, and Madame colored with pleasure. Monsieur repeated that there was nothing like the manure of the cow to make things grow, but for the hotbed, the manure of the horse, naturally. With that he attacked a plate of bacon and four eggs.

Presently he pushed back his chair, loaded his pipe with his own tobacco—the powerful native *tabac* of Quebec, which smells like a dragon's breath—and prepared to talk of more serious things. He tried to speak slowly for my benefit but every new thought would start his words flying again, until Madame would raise her bony hand and he would grin and slow down. I missed half his words, but got his drift all right.

There was something wrong with the world, said he, and the basis of it was the unsound distribution of wealth. "*Mal distribué*," he kept repeating. Not that this Norman peasant with his ten acres of land, his sound house, his horse and plow, his cow and chickens, wanted socialistic re-

forms or any nonsense of that sort. Ah, no, the land was his. "My land!" he said over and over again, clinching his fist, as if to grasp in it the rich soil that his fathers had cut out of the wilderness and left to him.

"My land!" and you thought of that first day in 1535 when Jacques Cartier looked out from the rail of the *Grand Hermine* and, seeing the jungle of wild grapes down to the water's edge, called this the Isle of Bacchus. You thought of the Indians who used this island, calling it Minigo, as a temporary prison for their captives, holding them, like lobsters in a crate, to be massacred and tortured at leisure. You thought of the first settlers here, and Eleonore de Grandmaison, the first woman—such a woman as Madame Garneau rocking in her chair, with folded hands—and the Hurons who fled here from the Iroquois to seek the protection of the French, building themselves the first Christian temple of bark.

"My land!" said this Norman peasant, sitting in his comfortable kitchen with its new stove and electric light, and you saw just such a man as watched the English fleets of Kirke and Phips and Wolfe sail up the river to bombard Quebec. They all fled when Wolfe landed here, burying their money in the ground, but they came back.

No, not the land, not the flat island land lying like a great whale in the river, but the arrangements of men were at fault, said M. Garneau. Ah, yes, but wait a while. He pointed at

me with the stem of his pipe, a crafty look in his narrow, black eyes. After the war things would be different. He burst into another torrent of words, but Madame raised her hand again and he stopped, sighed, and started to pull on his gum boots and his cap with the fur ear flaps. His cow was waiting to be milked, but it was not often that he had a chance to talk to strangers. Half-way to the door he paused and came back to the table and pointed the stem of his pipe at me again.

Ah, yes, he said standing there in his gum boots, the fur flaps dangling about his ears, ah, yes, it was all very well for the politicians to make their promises. Oh, they had come down here to the Island of Orleans, the fat politicians from the city, and promised the farmers everything, and made fine speeches. But when they were elected what did they do? He thrust his hand into his pocket and winked at me and grinned and muttered, "*Argent!*" And I remembered this same gesture, precisely this same talk, from a miller in an ancient French mill beside the Marne, while the great mill wheel turned and splashed beside us. The Frenchman has brought his humor, his cynicism, his hard realism and his cheerfulness across the ocean. He has not changed much in this country through more than 300 years.

Finally, M. Garneau pulled his cap down over his ears, buttoned his coat, and started out with a milk pail, and we heard him whistling as he went down the path to the stable. Quaint, the guidebooks call such men as this,

and railway posters try to make them look like French peasants, like the people of France whom they have not known nor seen nor had contact with since the Battle of the Plains, in 1759. No, they are not of France. They are not of England. They are of Canada, and so much the basic stuff of Canada that each man can trace his family back to the great battle or beyond, and no man is so poor that one of his ancestors is not known somewhere in the history of war or trade or politics.

Yes, quaint they call these people, as if they were a small oddity, a tourist attraction, museum pieces; these people who, with a few hundred muskets, could hold half a continent against the Iroquois, who could exist here against cold and hunger and the graft of the French court and the whims of the king's women. A problem they call these people because their quality is too strong to be easily absorbed, altered, or lost; unassailable, this rock of another race and culture in our common, tepid American sea of uniformity, monotony, and mediocrity. Charming, simple, quaint—so the guidebooks call them and any tourist will agree—and the French Canadian smiles politely and takes your money. But he is smiling at you.

Her husband milking at last, Madame felt free to show us some of her work. Out of a big, blue-enameled chest she hauled a roll of carpet, so large that she could hardly lift it, and spread it out across the floor. Even after it reached to the edge of the living room most of it was still unrolled. It

lay in vivid cross stripes of reds and greens and purples, merging softly into each other, fresh out of her loom, and beside it a dozen hooked rugs, each with a vivid picture of Quebec villages, sleighs and flowers worked into it from nothing but old rags, brightly dyed. On the table she spread a pile of knitted and beflowered mittens and gloves and napkins made from the linen of her own flax. She stood smiling down at these results of her long winter's work, and leaned over to feel the texture of the carpet, to smooth out the rugs with her rough, cunning hands. She would have no trouble selling them all, she said, in the summer.

Here was a peasant woman who had no book learning, who had never been 100 miles from the island and yet knew something hidden from nearly all of us; knew the value of *things*; knew that nothing is owned or possessed until it is used and put to work; knew what is real wealth and what is shadow and aggravation and burden—knew it better than the rest of America, to most of which possession is but the illusion and counterfeit of ownership. Each thing she valued at its true worth, not for its price, name, reputation, or fashion, but for its use and quality—each an actuality to be touched, handled, used, and made to serve.

The little plaster Jesus in His mother's arms, the electric light burning beside Him, was assurance of a better life yet to come. But one world at a time; they knew that, these people, as well as the dying Thoreau knew it. Here was a mixture of lusty worldliness and

unquestioning faith that we tortured Anglo-Saxons can never understand. And they are wealthy, too, in real wealth, independent, lacking nothing of real value on an income that we would consider penury.

These are the things that distinguish the French Canadian from the rest of America: his grip on things, on the earth, on reality, where we have come to accept shadow for substance, radio jokes for the simple, profound humors of the day's work, desiccated breakfast powders for bread, and the synthetic celluloid fornications of the screen for life.

In the early evening I walked up the street and through a new drift of snow towards the light of the priest's house. It stood behind the church, the ancient, steepled church of St. Pierre that they began to build in 1717 and built over and over again until it looks almost new now, with its white plastered outside and shiny towers. As I staggered through the deep snow, heading for the single light, it was easy to feel the ghosts of that old church around me: Antoine Carpentier, who cut the stone for the walls, and Pierre Langlais, who was paid \$175 for making the doors and window arches, and old Father Burke, the Irish curé, who, unable to speak much French and encountering a difficult word, would growl out at his leading parishioner, "You say it, Gosselin!" And the rich seigneurs who had their own pews and special rights of worship, and all the hundreds of unknown, poor islanders who had come here in life for Baptism and



Communion and in death for burial.

The priest's house was long and low roofed and, from the outside, rather imposing, but when the door opened I saw that it was bare, without carpets, cold, wholly ascetic. The curé himself opened the door, a tall young man, iron-gray of hair, with handsome, lean face in which the passions had been fought down and ruthlessly burned out. In the room to the left an old man sat, slumped in his chair, and he seemed to have been weeping. The parishioner had come for comfort to the curé and was not denied it.

The curé closed the door to that room and led me into another at the right of the hall. He sat down at his desk and quietly filled his pipe, waiting for me to speak. Unhappily, he knew no English but he listened patiently to my bad French and replied as simply as he could, asking me eagerly about Western Canada, the outer immensities of his country that he never hoped to see, for his flock was here; old men called on him in the night, and he could never leave. Here, in his black robes, this priest of a tiny village represented the undying power of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. Nothing can prevail against the curé. He is the center of life in the village as his church is the gateway of life and death. Just such men as this young man before me had come out to New France with the first white soldiers, carried their little wooden crosses and beads on foot and by canoe into the forests, into the West, down the Mississippi, lived with the Indians,

died of their diseases, suffered their torture, their filth and their obscenities.

Such a man as this, I thought, was Jogues, who went to an Indian feast though he knew it was an invitation to death, and whose head stood rotting on a Mohawk palisade. Of the same sort was Brébeuf who made no cry and uttered no sound though the Iroquois baptized his head with boiling water, hung red-hot axes on his naked shoulders, lit a belt of pitch and resin about his body, and cut out his heart. "Grant me, oh Lord," Brébeuf had prayed, "so to live that You may deem me worthy to die a martyr's death. Thus, my Lord, I take Your chalice and call upon Your name. Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!"

We talked there for about an hour of Quebec, and the war, and of the island, and almost pathetically he kept asking me about those other countries that he would never see, nodding thoughtfully as I tried to tell him, smiling politely at my jokes. I left him at his door, a tall, solemn figure in his black robes, a young man who might have known wealth, luxury, women. I waded through the snow and he went back to his parishioner, the troubled old man who needed his comfort.

The next morning Madame Garneau had us up early to catch the snowmobile for Quebec City. It came along just as we were finishing breakfast, and M. Garneau, sighting it through the window, rushed out wildly in his shirt sleeves, and hailed it from the porch. We bundled aboard this contraption which has skis in front and

caterpillar treads behind, the only mechanical device which can travel the island roads in winter. It was already full of farmers bound for town, and Amelie, Madame's niece (superbly turned out, painted and perfumed), sat on my knee and I didn't mind.

M. Garneau piled our grips in, talking fast. He was very proud of the snowmobile, because it seemed to represent progress on the island. It was part of the mysterious process of change which he had glimpsed vaguely—part of the revolution which long ago had shaken the world and had now penetrated even here. But Madame stood on the porch of the house, hands folded in front of her, calm, immovable, her

placid face watching us. She waved once and nodded gravely. Not for her the new machines, the new ideas. She stood there unshaken and unafraid, strong as Quebec itself, part of the past, rooted deep in the soil that Frenchmen have tilled here for 300 years, part of the warp and woof of countless looms in countless little white houses like this. But a grim, sad figure after all, because she was a childless woman, *pas des enfants*.

The snowmobile started. Madame raised her hand slowly. Her husband waved and shouted and grinned. The machine heaved and lurched through the snow, and everybody inside began to talk and laugh.



Bruce Hutchison tells us that he has done "everything possible to avoid a career" and has been "completely successful in the attempt." He has, however, ranged over a wide variety of activities, from being sports editor and political reporter on several Canadian newspapers, farming at his home and fly fishing on his vacations, to contributing short stories to such leading American magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *American*, *Liberty* and numerous others. His reporting assignments have taken him all over Canada countless times, and often down into the U. S. In the course of his peregrinations he has met every type of Canadian, observed their reactions to emergencies and everyday happenings, and so is in an ideal position to inform Americans about his great country and her people. He is an authority on Canadian affairs, political and economic, and, most of all, he believes in Canada.

# "Comic" Book Training

"Tain't funny

By a PRISONER

Condensed from the *Northlander*\*

The other day our favorite newspaper viewed with alarm all over the editorial page on the subject of juvenile delinquency. There is, it said, an increasing amount of this; the nippers are practicing the art of "mugging," organizing themselves into gangs, conducting raids on vegetable gardens and fruit stands, going forth ostensibly to collect rubber or junk for the several salvage campaigns and, under cover of this laudable objective, disappearing with the neighbor's chickens and bottles of milk. Some of the more enterprising have even been going in for the pastime of wrecking trains.

No less an authority than J. Edgar Hoover asserts that there has been "an epidemic of boys trying to wreck trains, sometimes successfully." Everywhere in the country, it was pointed out by the concerned editor, juvenile lawlessness is increasing at an appalling rate.

We can't tell you just what solution our editor offered for all this, although he offered one. We had to stop reading at about the point where he was proving that it was largely the result of paying the parents of these juveniles too much wages. Our editor is one who believes that stability is achieved when the employers get enormous profits and that inflation is the very least to be expected when the wages

of the workers are increased. As we say, we stopped reading at that point, due to nausea.

The point we have gone all this way around to reach is this: our editor devoted approximately half of one column to describing and deploring juvenile delinquency; but two full pages of his paper were devoted to what are whimsically called "the funnies."

One of the comic characters on those two pages was Superman. On the day referred to, the "strip" depicted the wrecking of a troop train by a band of nazi sympathizers. Superman, naturally, picked up the train before it reached the bottom of the mountain from which it had tumbled and returned it to the rails, but not before the train-wrecking technique had been graphically revealed.

Then there was that noxious little brat, Orphan Annie. This revolting moppet has organized a band of what are called Junior Commandos, who, under the leadership of Colonel Annie, started out to collect scrap and rubber and whatnot and, currently, have been absent from their homes for more than two weeks, barricaded in a huge castle where they have to date destroyed half the nazi submarine fleet and committed a score of killings.

Dick Tracy was there, too. Having

\*State House of Correction and Branch Prison, Marquette, Mich. July, 1943.

neatly dispatched BB Eyes, archcriminal whose methods and technique are now thoroughly familiar to all juvenile students of the Tracy saga, the supercop and his juvenile assistant are plotting the undoing of one 88 Keyes, whose efficacious system of murder has already been revealed in close detail.

Present and accounted for were Moon Mullins, his youthful brother Kayo, and the ineffable Lord and Lady Plushbottom. These blatant glorifiers of larceny and vulgarity paraded across the page, and the moral of the strip that day was that only suckers work, whereas the truly wise prosper by operating a variety of confidence games, all the latter carefully spelled out.

The list, of course, is endless. In the daily newspapers, in weekly and monthly publications distributed in enormous quantities, these and hundreds of like characters carry on their work of acquainting the young with everything they need to know in order to provide editorial writers with material on which to base more of the Good-Lord-whither-are-we-drifting appeals.

It is sheer nonsense to protest, as publishers defending these circulation-building features do protest, that the "comic strips" exert a wholesome moral influence upon the young because villainy is punished in the last chapter and virtue rewarded. That protest has the same hollow ring as the explanation of the visiting reformer from Kansas who makes a beeline for a burlesque show in New York to gain firsthand knowledge of vice.

It is one of those assumptions which

can never be proved, but it is reasonable to believe that the lawless, lurid, vulgar, and downright vicious activities depicted in the "comic strips" are making a larger contribution to juvenile delinquency than, say, all the marijuana peddled to school children.

It is pointless to say of these newspaper features that they violate good taste. Standards of good taste emerge second best when they come up against the production of profits. But it is a fact that the newspapers of this country were forced to throw out the advertising of harmful patent medicines once it had been established that these nostrums were causing, directly and indirectly, many deaths among gullible readers who bought the stuff.

With that precedent, is it not time for some responsible agency to undertake a careful survey of the "comics," and to trace in as many instances as possible their effects upon the young? The task seems one made to order for parent-teacher groups. As a starting point for them, we offer one suggestion: for a period of one month, note daily the lawlessness committed in the comic strips, and compare it with the offenses committed during the same month by the juvenile delinquents coming into the courts. When they have done this, and have been struck by the similarity between them, some interesting letters to the editor may follow. Several train wrecks in the Superman strip during the same month as an epidemic of train-wreckings by juveniles add up to a coincidence that sticks in our craw.

# The Flying Tigers

A few American kids

By RUSSELL WHELAN

Condensed from the book\*

The day was Christmas, 1941, but the thoughts of the American people dwelt not on the glad old memory of Bethlehem but on the shocking facts of the new war in the Pacific and Asia. American soldiers were dying in the wilds of Luzon and Mindanao—dying in defeat. Pearl Harbor was a taste strong and bitter in every mouth. In Malaya and southeast Asia the Japanese juggernaut rode down all resistance. Along our own West Coast, in Alaska, and down at the Canal, ran the rumors and alarms of invasion.

Then suddenly came news of the first shining victory over Nippon. The Flying Tigers had struck.

They were American boys, from 41 of our states, fighting pilots trained in our own Army and Navy; now members of the new American Volunteer Group employed by the government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to protect the lifeline of China, the Burma road. Their brilliant defense of Rangoon that day did more than give the Air Force of the Imperial Japanese Army cause for reconsideration.

The Tigers went on from there to compose their epic, the most spectacular in the annals of air warfare. They saved Rangoon and the Burma road for 65 precious days. They became the demigods of fighting China. To Madame Chiang Kai-shek they were

"my angels—with or without wings."

The strangest venture of the second World War, the venture of the American Volunteer Group, which sent 250 Americans to China long before Dec. 7, 1941, was the upshot of a series of critical events in Asia. In the spring of 1937, with the Japanese firmly established in Manchuria and their menace to China steadily increasing, Chiang was confronted with the almost complete collapse of his air force. He placed his wife, Madame Chiang Kai-shek (Mei-ling Soong) in nominal command, while his agents searched the world for a leader. This search at last plucked Claire L. Chennault from his little home town with the unique name of Waterproof, in Louisiana. There Chennault, 47, was living with his wife and eight children following his retirement (for partial deafness) from the U.S. Army Air Corps. His book *The Role of Pursuit Aviation*, which outlined his theories for the employment of swift fighting planes against bombardment from the air, had brought him some notice in aviation circles.

He was a scientist of sky warfare, set down in China to build a modern air force, and lacking all the essential ingredients: men, money, and planes. About all he had achieved in three years of work was the knowledge,

\*1942. *The Viking Press, New York City.* 224 pp. \$2.50.

carefully gathered and treasured, of how to lick the Japanese air force. The government was now established deep in the hinterland, at Chungking, defenseless when every day throughout the "bombing season" (April to October) the big Jap ships would come in.

In 1941 came the new crisis of the Burma road; and with it, the golden opportunity for Chennault. But in the fall of 1941, when the monthly transport rose as high as 30,000 tons, the Burma road at last became what it was intended to be, the lifeline of China. Precious shipments had to be protected. What China needed for this vital task was a defensive air force of the best modern type. Strangely, deviously, dramatically, China got what it needed.

Chinese spokesmen in Washington had long been laboring the point that America's own lifeline in Asia lay athwart the path of empire Japan had mapped for itself. But the gigantic bogey of Hitlerism and the fear of involvement in war dominated official thought.

Then the Japanese invaded Indo-China. Where eloquence and logic had failed, the pressures of actuality succeeded. Dr. T. V. Soong, in Washington armed with authority as minister for foreign affairs of the Republic of China, at last had history on his side. Immediately, American help for China went into the works. On March 15, 1941, President Roosevelt announced a policy of all-out aid to China through the medium of lend-lease. Shiploads were soon pointing for Ran-

goon. They had to be delivered into the hands of the Chinese, and T.V. prescribed to the White House a method for ensuring that overland delivery from Rangoon. The U.S. was nominally at peace with Japan. Fortunately, T.V., a realist himself, was dealing with realists. One hundred pursuit planes (P-40's) were in their crates at the Curtiss Wright Airplane Company factories in Buffalo. The British Purchasing Commission had already rejected them as "obsolescent" for European service against the *Luftwaffe*. They were consigned to China.

Who would fly the Tomahawks? Chennault, newly made a brigadier general of the Chinese Army, arrived in Washington early in 1941. Chennault and Dr. Soong proposed that a volunteer force be recruited in the U.S., to serve as a completely integrated and independent unit of the Chinese Army. Chennault wanted men not younger than 22, nor older than 28, with at least two years of training as pilots in our Army, Navy, or Marine Corps; men disciplined to military life but possessing initiative and the qualities of leadership. Thus it happened that during May, June, and July, 1941, the commanding officers of various American Army air fields and Navy air training stations summoned some of the best of their young fliers to confidential meetings. There the youngsters looked upon a man most of them had known before only as a name on a textbook.

Chennault told them in his terse manner, the whole story of China and



the Burma road as he saw it. He explained that he wanted to enlist fliers under his command. One-year contracts with CAMCO, as agent for the Chinese government, would govern their service. They would retain U. S. citizenship, and at the expiration of their contracts they might be reinducted into the service of their choice without loss of rank. In the event of war involving the U. S., they had the privilege of resigning at once. The initial personnel would comprise about 100 pilots, and some 150 others for ground work. Chennault stressed the necessity for secrecy, pointing out the ticklish international situation and the fact that this nation was at peace with Japan. He told them that America was undoubtedly heading into a war of its own, where it would need fliers with actual combat experience.

After his statement of the preliminaries, Chennault invariably found more than half his listeners eager to enlist then and there. Pilots would receive salaries of \$600 American a month from the date of enlistment, with \$675 a month for flight leaders and \$750 a month for squadron commanders. For each Japanese plane destroyed, the Chinese government guaranteed, upon proof, to pay a bonus of \$500. Ground-crew members would receive salaries ranging from \$150 to \$350 a month.

The actual one-year contract submitted to them by CAMCO as secret agent for the Chinese government was a masterpiece of evasion. According to this document, they were to engage

in the manufacture, operation, and repair of airplanes. But Chennault supplied the facts the contract omitted. They were being asked to fight a war. Japan had a strong air force, and every man in it would be anxious to kill them. The Japs would outnumber them, and they must never underestimate Japanese air power.

In summer and fall the chosen men received telegrams ordering them to report at a hotel in San Francisco, individually, and with closed mouths. They arrived, a typical American assortment of names and racial strains. About half of the pilots were Navy trained, six came from the U.S. Marine Flying Corps, and 35 had served with the U.S. Army Air Forces.

Eriksen E. Shilling, an Army flier from Washington, D.C., recalled some folklore to the effect that the Japs entertained a wholesale fear of sharks. So, with Chennault's approval, they painted the red mouth and flashing teeth and evil eye of the tiger shark on the noses of the P-40's. But other planes in other wars had used this same insignia. The AVG wanted something different and distinctive, for in spite of their grouching and misery, they were slowly building up in themselves an *esprit de corps* that demanded expression. The Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood were invited to try an expert hand at the job, and from the brush of Henry Porter issued the figure of a Bengal tiger with two comically ineffectual wings, flying bravely through a *V* for *Victory*. The tiger was as distinctive and charming a cre-

ation as Mickey Mouse or Grumpy. Chennault was delighted. The American group became the Flying Tigers.

They christened their squadrons. The First became the Adam and Eve as that had been history's original pursuit, and the planes of this squadron blossomed with an action shot of Eve getting her man in the Garden of Eden. The Second Pursuit Squadron decided on the name and figure of the Panda Bear; the Third became Hell's Angels, with a female demon painted below the cockpits.

The thrilling experience of first combat is described in the diary of one Tiger:

"Suddenly we had an alarm. The leader called out, 'Scramble!' And we dashed out to our planes and ran up to 20,000 feet in less than 20 minutes. I thought it was just another false alarm. Suddenly out of a cloud appeared ten Japanese I-97 fighters. The four of us dove on them. I charged my guns and turned the switch. I was breathing hard and fast. We went down almost vertical, but they dodged us, and my bullets went behind the one I aimed at. The others had told me how fast the little devils could get around on our tails, so I barreled straight down. . . .

"I could see none of our P-40's. The Japs were there in a swarm. I dived, shooting a long burst into a twisting, rolling fighter and I am sure I damaged his machine. He dove out, but I ignored him because I was looking everywhere for fear of a Jap on my tail. I climbed again and started after an-

other one. He went into a cloud. I thought I had lost him, but then I figured that if I waited he would come out again. He did, right in front of me, within 200 yards. I gave him all six guns and I could see my tracers hitting the target. I soon was right on him and had to lift my right wing to miss his left one. As I did I saw his cockpit burst into flames. I laughed hysterically and yelled out loud: 'I got one! That pays you back, you devils!'

"I guess I was acting like a maniac, but it was a great thrill as I saw him fall in smoke. I wheeled sharply, patting my 50's like a farmer caressing his favorite horse, and looked for more. I saw four heading for home and as I neared them they separated and started circling. As I dove on the most isolated one he attempted an Immelman turn. I caught him with a full blast of my left wing 30's. (My 50's were jammed and so were my two right 30's.) A thin trail of smoke left his tail as he ran into the clouds. I couldn't find him there but I am almost certain he was a goner.

"I was crazy for battle now and I went after the other three. While I climbed I kept messing with my 50's and finally got one to work. As I came close to the three Japs the leader wagged his wings and turned gently to the left. His right wing man fell back from the V and fell out. I knew that if I went for the leader the wide wing man would close in on my tail. I fainted toward the leader, then wheeled sharply in a flipper turn at the wide wing man. He dove out and

my bullets went wide. Suddenly it came to me that I had been fighting for almost an hour and my gas was low. I ran back to the field, gave the observation tower a buzz, did a slow victory roll and landed.

"As I taxied back I noticed a crowd surrounding a plane on the edge of the field. It was a Jap fighter. The pilot had tried the old Jap trick of getting something, even if he had to die himself. He had missed a Blenheim bomber by a few feet and crashed near by in a thousand pieces. As I walked up an RAF man picked up the Jap's helmet, with part of the pilot's head and throat hanging out. The poor devil had been decapitated. The RAF boy grinned and pointed thumbs up. But I couldn't grin, looking at his other hand and what it held. After all you have to give them credit."

The newspapers of Rangoon by this time had two standard headlines: the "banner" gave the day's box score of the Flying Tigers and the RAF; the lesser dealt with news from the hunger and refugee fronts. The AVG monopolized not only the newspaper space but also the social spotlight, and thereby brutally offended the more decorous British who insisted on dressing for dinner whether or not there was any dinner to eat.

After dark those men of the AVG who were not on duty flooded the expensive Silver Grill cabaret, arrayed in their simple khaki shirts and trousers, sporting their side arms, with their "mosquito" boots bearing the stains of the day's work. This was bad enough.

But when the Americans appeared with handsome and happy Anglo-Indian girls who had never dared approach these exclusive precincts before and proceeded to teach the girls the joys of jitterbugging, Rangoon society was shaken to its foundations.

The orchestra at the Silver Grill, by request, soon began the practice of playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* as well as *God Save the King* at the end of each night's dancing. Some of the local British had never heard the American anthem, and in their ignorance remained seated during the opening bars of its first rendition. These innocent offenders were speedily waited upon by delegations of the AVG. Thereafter, international etiquette was scrupulously observed.

As 1942 began, the AVG was world famous. Here they were, a few American boys, novices in war and in life as well, delivering the only victories the whole Allied cause could boast over the Japanese military system, whose power, skill, and guile in warfare were now fully appreciated everywhere on earth. Day after day these American kids, half-starved for food, and short on ammunition, were taking their patched and bullet-riddled fighting planes into the sky to beat back armada after armada of the war-wise Japanese. The world marveled at a few American kids knocking the "face" and the daylight out of the Imperial Japanese Army Air Force.

The men who best appreciated the AVG exploits were those Americans and Chinese responsible for moving

the goods from the docks toward China. They saw the victories not only in terms of courage and glory, but in actual military objectives achieved. After Dec. 27, until the evacuation, the Japs were never able to drop a bomb on the wharves and warehouses which held many millions of dollars' worth of irreplaceable supplies and material. They could never knock out the railroad northward to Lashio, either.

In the Rangoon fighting of Jan. 27, Gil Bright of Reading, Pa., and Raymond Hastey of Chipley, Ga., took on seven Jap pursuits. Hastey was bearing down on one Jap's tail when he took a cross-fire fusillade from another, which knocked off his rudder and elevator. As the Jap came in for the kill, the wounded Tomahawk swooped, and turned upside down. That was enough for Hastey. As he reported later:

"It was the first time I'd ever hit the silk. But as I went out I was afraid of being machine-gunned in the air so I didn't pull the cord. What speed I was making! I'd traveled maybe nine miles a minute once in a dive, but that was nothing to this. They say a falling body picks up speed as it falls. Baby! I was certainly some falling body.

"Well, the devil of it was I couldn't get my feet below my head. The only place I could look was up, and there was my ship coming for me with that shark's face grinning the wildest spin you ever saw. There wasn't a damned thing I could do but let her come, so I let her, and she whizzed by as if I was standing still. But I wasn't. I was go-

ing so fast that I was sure no Jap could catch me."

In the next few seconds Raymond Hastey experienced, almost simultaneously, the deepest fear and the happiest sight of his life. As he plunged earthward, he heard a motor, and one groggy eye caught the outline of an oncoming plane. This was the finale, he told himself. But no, it wasn't a Jap. It was Gil Bright, escorting him, making sure that it wouldn't be a Jap. With that, Ray yanked the rip cord, and floated the rest of the way in style.

"I was throwing kisses to Gil all the way down," he said. "I saw my Tomahawk still spinning below me, and watched her as she cracked up. Pretty soon I was close to my destination, so I looked straight down, and there was a dirty-looking pond waiting to receive me. I just missed it. So here I am."

The night the Tigers buckled on their side arms for a last look at "Hometown," their radio code name for Rangoon, they saw a shambles. From 100 fires a pall of black smoke stretched across the sky. Wharves, vessels, factories, rice and teak mills, oil storage plants, homes, and other buildings were in flames. In the streets lay hundreds of bodies of Indians who had fallen in the pogrom declared by the Burmese against these resented foreigners when doom closed down upon Rangoon. Over these bodies stumbled ragged, bedlamite bands of looters and rioters, loosed from the jails and asylums when the attendants deserted their posts. Here were imbeciles, mani-

acs, criminals, cripples, victims of every disease of mind and body known to the East. They roamed the city, shrieking in crazy choruses, throwing burning brands into the windows of buildings, destroying and desecrating. The smells of Rangoon were now the smells of embers and of death. The lust of the looters and firebugs made the originally half-hearted "scorched-earth" policy of the British an almost complete success.

The Tigers had seen danger and death before. But these were scenes no man should look upon. It was a saturnalia without joy. But perhaps it was a fitting tribute to the gods of war.

The American Volunteer Group, between Dec. 18, 1941, and July 4, 1942, was officially credited with the destruction of 286 Japanese airplanes. This figure represented planes destroyed beyond the shadow of doubt, and on this figure bonuses of \$500 per plane were paid to individual pilots. But strewn through the jungles and mountains and waters of southeastern Asia lay undiscovered evidence of perhaps 300 other Japanese planes that had fallen under the blows of the Tigers. It was conservatively estimated that at least 1500 Japanese airmen had lost their lives in encounters with the AVG.

Against these figures, the AVG lost

eight pilots killed in action, two pilots and one crew chief lost on the ground as the result of bombings, and four pilots missing in action, their fate unknown. Nine other pilots were killed accidentally, while training, in gunnery practice, or while ferrying planes.

At no time did the AVG have more than 55 combat planes capable of flight, or more than 70 pilots trained to fly them. This slender strength was never concentrated at one point, but always divided between at least two bases, sometimes among three, as the exigencies of strategy dictated.

All adjectives seem pallid in relation to what these few American kids, amateurs in warfare, accomplished in the less than seven months of their service in Asia. Beyond the chill statistics of slaughter, the record shows what the protection of the AVG meant to the cities of China and to the transport over the Burma road. But the true gold of their achievement lies hidden in the imponderables of the human spirit: the effect upon the long beleaguered and unassisted Chinese; the inspiration to America, suddenly plunged into a world-wide war; and the knowledge driven home to the Japanese and the Germans that the men of the AVG were just "floor samples" of 10 million others of the same cut of jib.

Because of the weakness of our minds, we must come down from principles to conclusions like an old man cautiously feeling his way down a flight of steps.

From *A Companion to the Summa*, vol. 1, by Walter Farrell, O.P. (Sheed, 1941).

# Everyone Sacrifices in England

By JOSEPHINE QUIRK

V is also for vigor

Condensed from the *Victorian*\*

**After** seeing devastation in Europe, I think that God has selected us Americans as His Cyreneans to take up the crosses of the broken peoples of the world and, after their crucifixion has been completed, see them on to a glorious resurrection.

Abroad, I spent most of the time in the British Isles. The British people are magnificent. Their courage and sacrifice make everything we do seem petty. They want neither praise nor sympathy. In fact, they resent both. There is a job to be done and they do it because they love their country enough to give it their best—without reservation.

Watching their unceasing efforts, one could not help resenting the complacent Americans who think that investing in war bonds is all they need to do.

First, let me show you what the British women with families are doing.

Several times a week, the postman delivers a weird, heavy bundle. It is an assortment of bolts and steel bars and other paraphernalia that has been sent from a war plant. After the children have left for school, mother hurries through her housework and then devotes several hours to assembling war equipment. She is doing a great job.

Of course, these women are instructed in this work and are proving themselves adept. The manager of a war plant told me that the women working for him had contributed 4,000 hours a week to the war effort. That is a lot of time for busy housewives. The same plan has been started in this country.

When I returned to America, the all-absorbing topic of conversation was food scarcity and rationing. One would think Americans were starving. After weeks in London, living on British rations and most of the time weak from hunger, I confess that I was disgusted with the attitude of many of my friends.

I wonder how these complaining Americans would act if they were allowed only five ounces of meat a week and one egg a month, and had to get along without butter and sugar for long periods? Many articles of food that we consider essential are not available at all. Here in America during the meat crisis, people who could afford it, were able to dine at restaurants and get all the meat they wanted. That is not possible in England. If you order meat in a cafe or hotel, you must produce your meat coupons. The same is true if you order an egg. You may go out for afternoon tea. They serve you the tea and add, "Sorry, we haven't any milk or sugar."

\**Lackawanna*, N. Y. July, 1943.



I have heard many complaints that people could not use their cars whenever they wanted. In England there are *no* pleasure or private cars and very few taxis. The dukes and lords, along with their maids and butlers and gardeners, ride to their jobs in town every morning in the trams and buses. And there is no grumbling. If there is one outstanding feature of the "new order" in England, it is the superb manner in which the aristocrats have given up their luxuries and comforts, with chins up.

There are countless things one can't buy in England for any money, things we consider essential.

One day I visited a London convent. It was the mother house, and there were a number of very old nuns who had retired from active service years ago. Without a single exception, they were working to help England's war effort.

Seated around a long table, rolling bandages, were five dear old nuns. The oldest, and "boss" of the group, was 92. She had already made 100,000 bandages, and her goal was a quarter of a million. The others teased her about it and said she would never live long enough to accomplish it.

Her eyes flashed. "I'll fool all of you!" she snapped. "I won't die until I've reached my goal." And somehow, one felt that she wouldn't. When she told me proudly that she has made more than 100,000 bandages, and I asked her how she kept track of so many, she said, waving her hand towards the others. "Why, I don't

bother counting them. I leave that to those youngsters." The "youngsters" were 76 and 78, respectively.

Another day in London, I visited one of the great hospitals that is caring for the soldiers wounded in Africa. It is staffed by nuns. I asked for Sister Rosalie and was told she was in surgery, where she had been assisting at operations for five hours. When she appeared, she had her lunch, a bowl of soup and a few crackers, and took me to the top floor.

She left me for a few minutes and came back wearing the weirdest outfit I have ever seen. Over her habit was a pair of roomy coveralls. She opened a door, and I shall never forget my surprise at what was revealed. The entire roof was one great vegetable garden. It was cared for by the nuns. Every day they spent their recreation period working in the garden. The nuns raised all the vegetables used in that great hospital.

Every available space in city, town, and country is being cultivated. Great Britain, which raised only 33% of its food before the war, is now producing more than 65%.

One day I was walking through the Limehouse district, often described as the worst slum section in the world. There is not a patch of ground where even a blade of grass could grow. I passed a ramshackle house that looked as if it had been there since the beginning of time. In one of the windows on the ground floor was a box with the freshest, greenest plants I've ever seen.

I smiled when my guide called it a

victory garden, and then an old woman came to the window and started to water it. I was curious, and we crossed the street to get a closer view. When I admired it and asked what it was, she said proudly, "Oh, it's just some parsley and savory 'erbs for the soldiers. I sends 'em to the camp. It peeps up their food, poor lads. It ain't much but it's my bit for England. 'Ow I wish I 'ad lots of windows to raise lots of 'erbs."

"My bit for England." She said it grandly.

One night there was an air raid in London. It was my first experience and I asked my guide to take me to one of the shelters. I wanted to see how Londoners reacted. I was amazed; it was so different from what I expected.

Everyone was doing something for the war. Women were knitting and sewing. Some were making kits for the soldiers or equipment for the Red Cross. One little nine-year-old girl was knitting a sweater for a soldier and she was working as if she had to finish it before the raid was over.

Indeed, the British are not hiding behind the petty excuses we sometimes hear in America from persons who wish to avoid any form of war work. The British people have taken everything the enemy had to give and, with chins up and heads high, have waited for more. Their only explanation is, "We're doing it for England." Americans must not be outdone in generosity to their own beloved country by anyone, even the British.



Only a few hours after U. S. parachutists had landed at Tebessa, a Heinkel 110 came over the field and started circling. On a hunch, Raff ordered his men to stay out of sight. This was before any Allied planes had arrived, so that the airdrome looked just as it had to the Americans when they had first appeared over it, an oversized field marked with trenches around the edges.

The Heinkel circled lower, then landed. Eight German officers alighted and walked over to the largest hut. Then, just as simply as the telling of it, the parachutists appeared and had themselves eight prisoners and a Heinkel bomber intact. The Germans admitted that they had come for "discussions" with the French there. They didn't know the Americans had beaten them to the draw and had already "discussed" all that needed to be discussed with the French. Not only did the paratroops suddenly acquire eight prisoners, one of whom was a full colonel, but they acquired something else. Looking through the plane, one of them opened the bomb bay. It was filled with bottles of wine, choice prepared meats, cans of food, and trinkets.

*From Assignment to Nowhere by Lowell Bennett (Vanguard, 1943).*

# Joey

Note for Sister Brendan

By a SERVICEMAN

Condensed from Fox Point *Ramblings*\*

I hope Sister Brendan gets to read this, because I want her to know we weren't bunking that day in the 3rd grade. Joey and I just didn't want to go to school. We didn't want to embarrass Sister Mary Raymond, our home-room teacher. Sister wanted us to study our history that night because Sister Mary Louise was coming next day. But Joey and I worked on our model airplane over in his cellar. We didn't know pretzels about history. So we decided not to go to school.

When Joey called me it was pouring rain and we didn't know what to do for the whole day. We had no money for a show, and we didn't know any place else to go.

Partly from force of habit, I guess, and partly because Joey had to bring bread home from Rankin's Bakery, we started up Williams St. like we always did. We discovered some men paving the street in the rain. Two steam rollers were chugging back and forth, and boy, did we ever want a ride.

We ran to the bakery and slipped in quick so nobody would see us; we bought bread and ran back to the men fixing the street. Joey was bigger than I was, and had more nerve. So Joey asked the man driving one of the steam rollers could we have a ride. He laughed at us two kids standing in the rain with our lunch pails and history

books under our arms. The man said, "Sure. Come aboard, fellers."

Well, Joey and I stayed on the steam roller all day, on the floor mostly. It went back and forth, rolling the street nice and level. Joey and I just watched.

By the time it was four o'clock Joey thought it was all right to go home. It was still raining. We said, "So long" to the man. He was a nice guy.

We were plenty wet when we got to my house. Joey wouldn't come in because he said he'd better get home with the bread.

The next day Sister Mary Raymond asked for our excuses. We didn't have any; we couldn't say we had stayed out of school so we wouldn't embarrass her. Sister Mary Raymond sent us to Sister Brendan. Sister Brendan asked why we had been absent, but we couldn't tell her either. She wouldn't understand. So, naturally, Sister Brendan telephoned our houses. Our folks were pretty surprised.

Sister Brendan gave us a good talking to. She didn't like bunking much. Joey and I were crying before she got through, not because we were scared, but because we hadn't bunked at all.

Nothing happened to me, at home, but Joey got a licking. He never said he did, but he did.

We were the bad boys of the school for a couple of weeks after that. You

\*50 E. George St., Providence (6), R. I. June 22, 1943.

would think we had robbed a bank.

Shucks, there was nothing bad about us. Once in a while we'd crook apples from that yard on Young Orchard Ave., or maybe we'd sneak into the Victory by the fire escape to see a cowboy picture, and once Joey put a snake that we caught over on Fort Hill into Alice Gorman's desk, and once we almost got caught for ringing a fire alarm up on East St. But we never did anything really wrong. Joey knew when we shouldn't do something. I remember the day we shot the pigeon with Joey's BB gun, and it fell in the yard and kept trying to move, but couldn't. We brought the pigeon in to my mother who tried to fix it, but the pigeon died. We never used the BB gun after that.

Always it was Joey and I. We were always together. I guess we were the best pals in the world.

Time went by. We graduated from Cleary, and then La Salle. When Pearl Harbor exploded on us, Joey enlisted in the Navy. My doggone eyes kept me out, so I went into the Army with a lot of the other fellers from home. Joey wrote as often as he could, and I wrote too, but we were jumping around so much it was hard to keep track of each other.

Now Joey is dead. The papers didn't say how it happened. He just got killed, that's all. On Attu. Joey, who cried when the pigeon died. Joey who crooked apples with me and put the little snake in Alice Gorman's desk. Joey who cried because Sister Brendan thought we had bunked.

My Joey is dead.

Well, I guess that's all there is. If Sister Brendan gets to read this, I'd just like her to know that Joey and I didn't bunk that day.



Manifestations of religious leadership keep coming in from the war fronts. We all know of the open, unashamed praying of Rickenbacker and his men; and the great bravery of the French Canadians at Dieppe after they had received general absolution from their chaplain, Father Sabourin.

A young Navy pilot, who had served his law clerkship in my office, wrote to me: "Right in the thick of everything when the going is toughest, the leader invariably will be a man with a religious background. He need not delay in that moment and find a path back to God; his very life has always been to that end. Those who live by their own code during normal times abandon it rather quickly when the going gets tough. At the crucial moment they are too busy mending their ways to lead."

I have seen a letter to his teacher written by a young officer of Marines, just before he took off on his death flight. His postscript was: "Always pray, not that I shall come back but that I shall have the courage to do my duty."

Arthur T. O'Leary in an address to graduates of Catholic Latin High School at Raleigh, N. C. (26 May '43).

# Typhus the Terrible

By JOSEPH BRUNET

Condensed from *Fu Jen*\*

**Wars** have killed millions; but wartime plague has killed tens of millions. A case in point is the loathsome scourge of typhus, called spotted fever. Misnamed "jail fever," "ship fever," "camp fever," this plague has been one of the deadliest murderers known to science.

Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, probably named typhus. In Greek the word means "mist," describing the glazed expression of its dying victims. We know that the Greek plague during the Peloponnesian Wars was a typhus epidemic; and about 150 typhus epidemics have since ravaged Europe. Along with famine and the biting Russian cold, it was the typhus-bearing louse that forced Napoleon back from Russia in 1812.

This louse is flat, oval-shaped, six-legged (each leg terminates in a sharp hook), and beaked. The hooks of its legs permit it to fasten itself to clothing, while the sharp beak digs into its victim's flesh.

As John Kobler describes it: "It pays dearly if its host has been infected by another louse, for with its food it absorbs myriads of rod-shaped typhus microbes, which begin feeding on the louse's own innards. Although doomed, it sows devastation out of all proportion to its size before dying. As the original host's body cools in death, the

louse abandons this home for another. When it bites the new host's skin, it opens a breach through which an army of microbes charge. Within seven to 14 days after being bitten, the victim is attacked by dizziness, sometimes with a suddenness that causes him to drop in his tracks. His temperature soars to 104°. The fever continues, often reaching 107°, accompanied by excruciating headaches and delirium. After two weeks, the fever drops as suddenly as it rose. This is the crisis."

At the turn of the century Charles Nicolle of the Pasteur Institute established once for all that the body louse was the one agent which infects men. Howard Taylor Ricketts, of the University of Chicago, and Poland's Stanislaus von Prowazek, both laboratory victims of the louse, are immortalized in the name given to the microbes infesting the louse: *Rickettsiae Prowazeki*.

It remained for others to bring the fearful disease under control. The story of this fight is a typical missionary story.

Father J. Rutten, former General of the Belgian Fathers of Scheut (known also as the Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary), knew the ghastly record of deaths every year on the mission front in Eastern Asia, Manchuria, and Mongolia. From 1910 to 1930 no

\*176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. June, 1943.

fewer than 84 priests died in China of spotted typhus; more than half of them under 30. In 1930 Father Rutten heard that Prof. Rudolf Weigl, director of the Institute of Biology of Lwow (Lemberg), had discovered an effective vaccine. He obtained some and crossed Russia, bringing with him into Mongolia a young Hungarian physician, Dr. Stefan Gajdos. Dr. Joseph Chang joined them, and with the addition of this able bacteriologist, a graduate of the Jesuit University of Shanghai (L'Aurore), the scientific forces were ready.

They made the rounds of every mission conducted by the Scheut Fathers, inoculating them three times. The test was a triumph, for not one missionary, priest or nun, came down with the fatal disease. Father Rutten, with the approval of the Catholic University of Peking, set up a laboratory, bought various microbiological instruments, and in June, 1931, turned a Microbiological Institute over to Dr. Chang and Dr. Gajdos, then in charge of the preparation of vaccine. Dr. Chang studied the technique of vaccine production in Poland, and in March, 1932, on his return, the two doctors started production of vaccine from virus taken from Chinese patients. The institute can be reckoned to have saved at least 100 missionaries' lives in its brief existence.

Lice have been the carriers of typhus since time immemorial. Even after the World War nothing was found to conduct the disease of spotted typhus except the ordinary body louse (*pediculus vestimenti*). In Russia of 1915, delous-

ing was not universally practiced and of 10,000 prisoners concentrated in one camp in Nove-Nikolajevsk 6,000 perished. In Tunis the French government's strict hygienic measures resulted in practical elimination of the disease. In China this is now impossible, though mortality among adults is not high, as children apparently develop an immunity preventing ready infection later. The Chinese government cannot vaccinate the entire population, but the missionaries have found it absolutely necessary to be vaccinated each year with new vaccine to prevent an early death.

Knowing that this type of louse carried typhus, Father Rutten suggested that priests administering the last sacraments should not step on the heated brick platform used by the Chinese as a sleeping place. Instead, they were told to draw the sick person to the edge of the bed, and even then great care was to be exercised lest some of the vermin be transferred inadvertently. Lice, like rats, seem to have a sixth sense, and desert a dying person.

In the confessional, classrooms, lodgings, inns, railway cars, carriages, and ships—in fact, everywhere in China, this pest abounds. The cotton garments of the poor are especially rich in them, since these clothes are never changed in winter, and are thus a breeding ground. Compulsory vaccination for intestinal typhoid and cholera should be required, but the task is enormous.

Since 1939 a mass-production method of preparing vaccine has been devised by the U. S. Public Health Serv-



ice. Credit goes to Bacteriologist H. R. Cox of the Rocky Mountain Laboratory at Hamilton, Mont., who uses a thin needle which he passes through a tiny opening in the air sac end of an egg. After withdrawing the needle, he seals the end of the egg with paraffin. In three or four days he removes the infected yolks, dries and grinds them, dilutes them in salt water, and produces a suspension of the microbes.

Saving souls through science is what the Catholic University of Peking is doing. Through the microbiological laboratory established under the sponsorship of the Pope, countless human lives are saved in China through this practical charity. To suffering people, in the missions and in other lands, the Catholic University of Peking fulfills the message of mercy which the first great Healer brought to men.



## Servants

By DAMON RUNYON

Condensed from his column\*

Beams from inertia

**Wherever** I go I hear from the ladies in command of private homes the most harrowing tales of their experiences with what they call "the servant problem."

I think the word *servant* is one reason why many persons decline work in private homes. They feel that *servant* denotes something menial, the usual compromise for the word being just "the help."

Of course the war is immediately responsible for the current shortage, as men and women of almost any age can get work at better wages than most of them could command in private homes. They can also have greater freedom and equality, the latter, I think, being the most important consideration.

But long before the war the ladies were having their "servant problem." When the opportunity presented itself, thousands of household employees walked out on their jobs, leaving the ladies explaining tearfully to all listeners how lovely they had been to those people and what ingrates those people had turned out to be.

Men and women in household employment are getting the highest wages ever paid. They have shorter hours, more days off, better working conditions and less labor. I say this is as it should be. I have always contended that any lady who wants a household employe should either be able to pay excellent wages or haul off and do the work herself. I am not sure that more than one household employee

\*The Brighter Side. King Features Syndicate, Inc., 235 E. 45th St., N. Y. City. June 7, 1943.

should be permitted any able-bodied lady during the war.

In short, I am leaning to the idea that such employees should be rationed. A lady who has two should be required to send me one. I believe that if the ladies were forced to do at least a part of their household work it would en-

hance the beauty of the landscape in every community which is now so often marred by what appear to be barrels rolling down the boulevards, but on closer inspection turn out to be those vast beams that many of our ladies are developing as a result of inertia around the house.



## The True Meaning of Racism

By JACQUES MARITAIN

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*

**Racist law** is a doctrine; it has its principles and its logic, its professors, doctors, journalists, professorial chairs and universities. It has its prophet, Alfred Rosenberg, and its hero, Adolf Hitler. Rosenberg, in his *Myth of the 20th Century* writes: "Today, a new faith surges up: a faith based upon this truth that nordic blood represents the mystery which ousts and replaces the old sacraments."

And he goes on: "The myth of the 20th century is the myth of blood which, under the sign of the swastika, unleashes the racist world revolution; it is the awakening of the racial soul which, at the close of a long sleep, victoriously puts an end to racial chaos." And finally: "Law is no more an anemic outline than is religion or art, but

it is eternally linked to a specific blood with which it appears and disappears."

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler, in turn, alludes to "the vocation of a supreme race, of a people of masters which has at its command the resources and the potentialities of all the earthly sphere," and he concludes, "A state which devotes itself, at the time of the corruption of races, to the culture of its best racial elements, will one day inevitably become the master of the world." Here we have the philosophic and religious background. Racist law is an idea, the example *par excellence* of the homicidal Idea. It is directly responsible for all the crimes perpetrated in its name and under its banners.

Because man is a being gifted with reason, it is necessary to unmask the

\*386 4th Ave., New York City. June 4, 1943.

errors and sophisms of racist law; this remains the first duty of those who are charged with the things of the mind and the teaching of human law. This work of doctrinal condemnation was performed with sovereign authority by Pope Pius XI, in the letter of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, dated April 13, 1938, which set forth the specific errors as follows:

1. Human beings, by their natural constitution inherited and unchangeable, so differ among themselves that the highest of them are farther removed from the lowest than the lowest are from the highest species of brutes.

2. Vigor of race and purity of blood must be conserved and fostered at any cost; and whatever leads to this end is by that very fact justifiable.

3. It is from blood, wherein the genius of the race is contained, that all intellectual and moral qualities flow as from their most potent source.

4. The principal end of education is to perfect the natural constitution of the race, and to fire the mind with a burning love of one's own race.

5. Religion is subservient to race and must be adapted to it.

6. The prime source and supreme rule of the whole order of justice is race instinct.

7. Individuals exist through the state and for the state; whatever rights they have are derived solely from the state.

"To these odious propositions others might easily be added," stated the pontifical document.

In 1936, Frank, Führer of German

jurists, had enunciated the classic formula, "The just, the lawful, is that which is useful to the German people; the unjust, that which is harmful to it."

A little later, in 1937, Hitler declared:

"With regard to principles, in place of the concept of the individual or the concept of humanity, we set down the *idea of the people, of the people born of the blood* which flows in our veins and of the soil which saw our birth. Perhaps for the first time in the history of humanity, it has been proclaimed in this country that of all the duties which devolve upon man, the noblest and the most exalted consists in *maintaining the race* which God has given him. *From the juridical point of view, the conclusions are as follows:*

- "1. The belief that law, as such, finds within itself the justification of its existence, is false.

- "2. The belief that law has for its object to ensure and maintain *the protection of the individual in his own person* and in his goods is equally false.

"The National-Socialist revolution has given to law and to juridical science a clear and unequivocal starting point. The real task of justice consists in preserving and defending the people against any element which evades its obligations with regard to the community or which is detrimental to the interests of the latter."

Thus racist error and its caricature of law are in direct opposition to the basis of all law: natural law, in which human law is justified; and in direct opposition to recognition of the rights

of the human person, the primary expression of natural law.

In the encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge* (on Germany and the Church) of March 14, 1937, Pius XI affirmed the inviolability of natural law: "It is in the light of the commands of this natural law that all positive law, whoever the lawgiver, can be gauged in its moral content, and hence, in the authority it wields over conscience. Human laws in flagrant contradiction with natural law are vitiated with a taint which no force, no power can amend."

The wisdom of ancient paganism and Christian wisdom are but one in condemning the first principle of political machiavellianism, that political machiavellianism of which nazi racism represents the absolute and unbridled form; that political machiavellianism whose "reasonable" forms remained the object of a discreet cult for so many in prewar democracies who failed to realize that moderate machiavellianism is certain to be devoured by absolute machiavellianism. Hitler's great discovery lies in having understood that any contempt of law which is stopped by nothing is stronger than a contempt of law which limits and entangles itself in morality.

After having shown in which sense it is alone possible to understand correctly the principle, "Right is common utility," Pius XI declares: "Emancipated from moral rule, the principle would in international law bring to pass a perpetual state of war between nations." "In national life," he says, the

principle of racist law "ignores, by confusing right and utility, the basic fact that man as a person possesses rights he holds from God, and which any collectivity must protect against denial, suppression or neglect. To overlook this truth is to forget that the real common good ultimately takes its measure from man's nature, which balances personal rights and social obligations, and from the purpose of society, established for the benefit of *human nature*."

And finally: "Whoever exalts race, or the people, or the state, or a particular form of state, or the depositories of power, or any other fundamental value of the human community—however necessary and honorable be their function in worldly things—whoever raises these notions above their standard value and divinizes them to an idolatrous level, distorts and perverts an order of the world planned and created by God."

The monstrous fruits of racist law have been described only in part for we would have to hear all the death cries spread throughout Europe and the world to get some idea of them.

An immense multitude of innocent people have been put to death for the crime of belonging to the Jewish race. A total computation is rather difficult. Let it suffice to know that in Poland and Lithuania alone, about 700,000 persons belonging to the Jewish race had already been killed by the beginning of last autumn; and that for the ensemble of victims of racist persecution up to the present moment the

more conservative figure is at least a million, the more probable, 2 million. Four or 5 millions, all that are left of the Jews in Europe, face the same fate. In Poland and occupied Russia the methods of destruction exceed the nightmares of the most diabolical imagination. Scientific methods equal to German genius have been invented. Machine guns no longer suffice. Neither do cold, famine and epidemics. They need poison gases, electrocution, mass piling into enclosed spaces where asphyxia takes place by degrees, suffocation of the weakest and the eldest in sealed freight cars which carry crowds of deportees to sorting-out camps where among the survivors all those who are not fit for forced labor are massacred—forced labor will take care of the others. There are the joys of the manhunt, of blackjackings, floggings, torturing humiliations, and unmentionable practices which drive one to madness.

Let us not regard as "atrocities" these accounts reverberated by the echoes of terror. It should suffice, for us to realize their likelihood, to recall the sadistic scenes in Vienna after the *Anschluss*, where nazi youth gave vent to ferocious cruelty; it should suffice to re-read the British *Blue Book*, or the articles in the official organ of the German police, *Die Deutsche Polizei*, by police chiefs who pride themselves on their work of "biological" purging and proudly reveal their brute ideology. Describing how the Jews of Lublin were chased from the city (afterwards to disappear without leav-

ing any trace), and how all their houses, except a few buildings of "historic interest," were burned, another nazi publication, the *Krakauer Zeitung*, celebrated this demolition by writing: "This was another breaking of the tablets by Moses, but not for any good purpose as far as the Jews are concerned!" Their expulsion was "another exodus, but not in search of a Promised Land—the times of Biblical parasitism are gone." Wretched Jews were seen to pay money to the nazis—100 zlotys is not dear—to be shot immediately rather than to be sent to camps and tortured.

Thousands of Jews evacuated from the ghetto of Lodz and sent to Chelm were killed by poison gases. The Warsaw ghetto of 550,000 souls was so depopulated by disease, famine, murder, and deportation "to an unknown destination," that it now holds fewer than 50,000. Last August its mayor committed suicide so as not to obey the order to draw up a list of 100,000 Jews to be deported to "an undetermined place." After what happened at Lodz, he knew what that order meant. In Chelm, in December, 1939, the Gestapo assembled 800 Jews in the marketplace, forced them to run barefoot into the country, and massacred 600 as "game." We know that one of the means used by the extermination battalions was to shut the victims up in sealed trucks where they were killed on the way by poison gas, at the rate of six to nine transports a day. At the spot where a group of Jews chosen for this job were obliged to dig graves, the

dead, before being thrown into the ground, were stripped of anything that might still tempt the scavenger instinct: rings were taken from fingers, even gold fillings in teeth were removed with pliers. Nazi racism proceeds by inexorable and well-defined plan: 1. Deprive the Jews of their civil rights. 2. Drive them out of economic life and make it impossible to sustain themselves. 3. Segregate them in ghettos where they will perish. 4. Exterminate those among them who have not been "liquidated."

The testimonies from all sides regarding the last phase are frightfully convergent. Let us not forget the warning issued by a well-informed neutral source: there is reason to believe the reality is ten times as terrible as the reports. For these are sporadic, they can only be smuggled out and deal only with partial episodes of the immense and systematic persecution.

Assassins and hangmen do their jobs. Satan's henchmen do their jobs. But what is as frightful as the deeds and horrors of racist extermination is the inaction of those who might act, and the indifference of many decent people. Every morning they read accounts of new atrocities as regularly as they breakfast. They heave a sigh and go to other news. They have gotten the habit. This getting the habit of hell is an invisible crime perpetrated on souls throughout the world by nazi racism.

And there is the moral complicity which, like insidious leprosy, spreads by degrees in some who give in to

anti-Semitic feelings, condemning all the while Hitler's abominations. There is no point hiding the fact that a more or less larval anti-Semitism is growing in the democratic countries, even as the nazis carry out their work. Whenever this occurs a victory is won by Hitler and lost for civilization.

The fact is explained by mass psychology, which does not deal with our best nature. If you shift men's attention in one direction, it will immediately notice, once thus directed, all sorts of accidental data which act as pretexts for a spontaneous systematization, no matter how absurd it is. If you repeat by means of a propaganda drive that all 5th Ave. citizens are swindlers, other New Yorkers will note that, sure enough, a certain citizen of whom they have had cause to complain happens to live on 5th Ave. And another one, too, while the rascals in other sections of the city naturally escape the visual rays thus fixed in our minds. After several months you will have created an anti-5th Avenueism as reasonable and well-entrenched as anti-Semitism.

The various social, moral, political and economic pretexts invoked against the Jews are not better founded. We can and we must refute these bad reasons. The misfortune is that once they have penetrated our minds, they are extricated with difficulty, because people can only with difficulty distinguish essence from accident in their reasoning. Racism and anti-Semitism draw their strength from their irrationality, as does any delirium. If you want to appraise an irrational growth, you



must have recourse not only to rationality but also suprarationality, which alone is capable of descending into the underground world of unreason and mastering it.

There are many forms of racism, all different. At the time of Las Casas, certain Spanish theologians affirmed that the natives of America were not men, because they belong neither to the race of Shem, nor that of Ham, nor that of Japheth, the three Biblical races. They were therefore animals, whose gold and land the Christian Spaniard had the right to appropriate, as man has the right to take the plumes of the peacock, the honey of the bees and the wool of the lambs. A papal bull by Paul III was needed to end this theological racism.

In the U. S., an infinitely sad racial problem exists with regard to the colored people; but there, let it be said to the honor of the American people, public law and federal legislation maintain intact the sacred principles of civic equality and justice, despite prejudice and private morals which will one day be purified.

In Japan there exists a pagan racism of a thoroughgoing and brutal simplicity, absolute, warlike and odiously sure of itself, which elevates to divinity a nation's boundless pride.

Nazi racism is of another essence, and its base pride is but the compensation for a turbid state of mind made up of inferiority complexes, dreams of resentment, and persecution manias. German racism did not take shape for the nordic or German race; it is not

fooled by the impostures of anthropologists and is ready to call the Japanese yellow Aryans. German racism's prime datum is hate. Here we can perceive how racist doctrine and law are terribly efficient dynamic agents and ideological superstructures. Racist law is nothing but a secondary ideological process which aims at justifying a primitive criminal passion and freeing it of all restraint. There is only one unshakable trait at the heart of German racism: nazi anti-Semitism, and nazi anti-Semitism is at bottom a furious aversion to the revelation of Sinai and the law of the Decalogue. It is, above all, natural fear and hate of Christianity and the evangelical law, and of that King of the Jews who is the Word Incarnate, the Word who was in the beginning—the Word and not the Action!—and who took flesh in the womb of a Virgin of Israel, and who came to bear witness unto Truth, and proclaimed the beatitudes to the poor and the merciful, and will put down the powerful from their thrones, and whose kingdom is not of this world and who will judge all of us on love and charity. These things make nazi anti-Semitism gnash its teeth and excite its destructive rage.

In this perspective we understand Hitler's declarations and clearly affirmed will (so clearly affirmed that people took it for braggadocio) to exterminate the Jewish race. In January, 1939, he promised that a second world war would annihilate the Jewish race in Europe. In his 1943 New Year's message he gave his listeners the choice

between extermination of the German people and that of the Jews. Robert Ley, nazi minister of labor, stated that the nazis would go on with the war "until the Jews had been swept from the face of the earth." Karl Rudolf Best, legal advisor of the Gestapo, a master of racist law, explained last summer in a learned manner that "historical experience teaches the annihilation of a foreign people is not contrary to the laws of life, provided it is *total*."

These words of madmen should not be taken lightly. Nazis are starving and torturing all of Europe and spreading death on all sides. They have strewn Poland and occupied Russia with corpses. Yet they intend to exterminate only European Jews. The other oppressed peoples are to be slaves of the "master race." Jews must be "swept from the face of the earth." Behind the invocations to Darwin, geopolitics and *Lebensraum*, is the demoniac hatred we must face.

Many men of good will have grieved that in the face of this rising tidal wave of abominations the Catholic Church has merely maintained her previous condemnations without uttering in one supreme outburst a new and solemn protest and condemnation. The Church has acted in this fashion, undoubtedly because she believes a new condemnation would be futile, but above all because she does not have to repeat herself, since her word endures. This semi-silence of the Church is not a good omen for the executioners. When the voice of the Church is silent, it is to make way for God's justice.

Alluding to previous menaces, Hitler said in November, 1942, that "countless numbers of those who laughed then no longer laugh today." But of the faithful soul it is said, according to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures: "And she will laugh on the last day." And the last day for Hitlerite executioners is not very far.

## Flights of Fancy



Pretty as a picture—but just another talkie.—*Leslie E. Dunkin*.

The dullest moment is just before the yawn.—*College paper*.

Small waves chucking the rowboat under the chin.—*E. B. White*.

The west wind, draped in rags of black clouds.—*Joseph Conrad*.

Strikes at home always affect our men on bases.—*Joseph J. Quinn*.

Her face has such implicity.—*Mary Pettingbone Poole*.

School children bubbling out to recess.—*John H. Schlosser*.

Self-made men relieve God of a great responsibility.—*Leslie E. Dunkin*.

She walked the world as if she were alone on a windswept deck at night.—*Hamlen Hunt*.

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

# Do Prophecies Scare You?

By DOW RICHARDSON

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

Easy does it

**Do predictions** that the war will last five or ten years worry you? Are you a "case of nerves" after reading that more items may be rationed or that a food shortage is imminent? Relax. The "experts" you have read may, and often do, miss by the proverbial mile. Some of them are no better guessers than you.

Mrs. Drake read a forecast that the war with Japan may last six to ten years. The opinion was advanced by a famed Alaskan clergyman who had spent 17 years in far northern regions where he had an opportunity to study our enemy of the Far East. His logic was impressive. This depressed Mrs. Drake unnecessarily. She might better have said to herself that the prophet could be as dead wrong as the experts who gave Russia four to six months against the nazis.

The majority of the "this-will-happen" boys turn out to be poor guessers, and some of today's crystal-gazers will look silly a year from now. For example, one wonders, recalling a statement by Sir Stafford Cripps on Aug. 12, 1939, when he hailed the nonaggression pact between Germany and Russia, whether he is as far-seeing a statesman as he has been represented. Sir Stafford suggested at that time that the pact would be "a great reinforcement for peace in eastern Europe." "It

is a lie," he said, "to suggest that it leaves Germany a free hand against Poland or anyone else." Cripps may have been trying to soothe the nazi beast, but if he meant what he said his judgment was no better than yours.

Or take a sample from a broadcast made in May, 1942, by Johannes Steel, the well-known news commentator. Speaking over WMCA in New York City, Steel said, "There seems to be no doubt in British and American military circles that the French fleet will be surrendered to the Germans and that it will be combined with the Italian fleet under the command of a German admiral. This means that the German spring offensive is about to begin, for once the Italian and French fleets are joined under the German command, the struggle for the Eastern Mediterranean will begin." Fate pays scant heed to the forecasts of radio commentators.

As this is being written, Russia and Japan are precariously maintaining their "peaceful" relations, but if you had been listening to Arthur Hale over WOR a year ago this spring you would not have believed it possible. "It will be surprising indeed to many astute observers," said Hale, "if the month of May runs its course and still finds Russia and Japan fighting in opposite camps, but still professing friendship

\*Huntington, Ind. July 11, 1943.

to each other." There was, as a further example, the solemn assurance by the publisher of the Shanghai *Evening Post and Mercury*, as reported in the New York *World-Telegram* of Oct. 4, 1940, that "regardless of bombast Japan will under no circumstances risk actual war with America." He knew, he said, because some of his Japanese friends in high position had told him so.

Now and then the guessers come up with a near bull's-eye such as Estelle M. Sternberger, a WQXR commentator, scored in May, 1942. Here is what she told her listeners to watch for: "There is the barest possibility that the pressure just renewed on Marshal Petain may point to western Africa as the next important area of nazi operations. The nazis may be making up their minds to prevent the influx of American soldiers and airplanes through the territory of the Free French. To prevent that American influx, Hitler may be demanding a show-down with Marshal Petain on greater collaboration. So watch developments in Northern Africa and Vichy." Miss Sternberger was getting warm, and seven months ahead of time, too. Only it was the Allies, and not Hitler, who got there first.

A favorite pastime, participated in by everyone who feels himself qualified to have an opinion, is predicting the end of the war. Pasted in many persons' hats are the varying predictions of Eduard Benes, president of the provisional Czechoslovak government, Eddie Rickenbacker, Adm. Wil-

liam F. Halsey, Jr., Gen. Henri Giraud, and others.

Benes expects 1943 to bring "a victorious decision" for the United Nations. He is on record as heralding a successful Allied invasion of Europe this year, and Italy's collapse and withdrawal from the war. Admiral Halsey has reiterated a prediction that not only Germany, but Japan as well, can and probably will be defeated this year. General Giraud said recently that the Allies will win in 1944. His forecast of an early triumph in Tunisia entitles him to no little respect.

On the other hand, Rickenbacker, whose judgment is widely respected and accepted, has warned that "this war will last a minimum of five years, barring miracles, with the possibility of its lasting ten years," and Hallet Abend, the Far East correspondent for the New York *Times*, wrote a few weeks ago that "if Hitler folded up tomorrow it would take us at least two years in the Far East to get what we want: a real decisive victory."

My favorite prophet is Taylor Bogges, of Clarksburg, W. Va., who wrote the following note to the Chicago *Tribune* May 2, 1942: "The defeat of Japanese military forces and the utter devastation of Japan are imminent. The forces to accomplish this feat are at this moment in action. It may well be that June will find Japan completely desolate. The Japanese-American war will go down as the shortest major war in American history." Mr. Bogges was overoptimistic.

Maurice Zolotow reported recently

in a survey of the widespread current revival of the soothsaying business, that he had got this confidence from Miss Helene Paul, Manhattan astrologer: "The war with Hitler will end early in 1945, but the war with Japan will go on much longer than that." If Dr. Benes proves to be right, I would like to hear what Miss Paul has to say.

Incidentally, Zolotow neatly demonstrated how astrologers, like the experts on world politics, often venture out on a limb and find it hacked off from under them. He showed that Sidney K. Bennett, known as Wynn, a writer for the New York *Daily News*, had made these predictions for 1939: "Hitler and Mussolini are only bluffing; they are very weak internally and can be stopped by a show of force. They are hollow shells. Goering will fall from power in 1939. England and France are strong. The Spanish Loyalists have much to hope for in 1939. Prosperity is indicated for Norway,

Sweden and Denmark." What Wynn failed to foresee, as Zolotow pointed out, were the Russo-German nonaggression pact, the invasion of Poland, the declarations of war all around, and the blitz campaigns in Norway, the Low Countries and France.

How much of the forecasting in this uneasy time is guesswork of the shot-in-the-dark kind, and what percentage is based on reliable information? It would be difficult to make an estimate. The available evidence suggests that the hit-and-miss side of the ledger is much the longer, with the percentage of misses downright staggering.

So don't let dire predictions unnerve you. The unexpected happens frequently enough to knock many apparent trends haywire. A careful analysis of ominous prophecies and a modest discount of them will spare you a lot of worry. On the other hand, don't be indifferent to sound warnings or caution, and don't let overoptimism sweep you from a sensible viewpoint.



## Viewpoint

An Englishman and an American were presented to a potentate of the East. On looking over the Englishman's passport, the dusky monarch said, "I see, sir, that you are a British subject."

The Englishman, twirling his mustache, replied with pride, "I am, sir!"

Then the monarch, looking at the American, said, "And you, sir, are a subject of the U. S.?"

The American, gazing at the monarch in amazement, replied, "Subject, nothing! I *own* a part of the U. S."

Quoted from *Our Young People* (July '43).

# The Baltic States

By FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL

What of a Baltic charter?

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**The fate** of the Baltic States may well reflect the workability of the Atlantic Charter, for Russia, who has not subscribed to it, still claims them. Those who have sneered at the Atlantic Charter still support Soviet demands with an array of excuses, trumped-up charges, and justifications. The states are represented as a malicious creation of German imperialism, destined to form a *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union. Others present them as part of a fascist-capitalist plot to rob Russia of access to the Baltic. And some insist that they must be eliminated for Russia's security. "Buffer states," they say, "are a menace to peace, and one cannot expect the Soviets to agree to a border so perilously close to Leningrad." The popular mind classifies the Balts as nothing more than "some kind of Russians."

None of these allegations is true. Although the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk cancelled Russian rule in the area (which had been conquered in the 18th century), those states were not founded by the German high command. Baltic independence was wrung from Berlin as well as from Moscow.

It should be pointed out that every small state is a "buffer state," and it would be a major crime to deny their right of existence. Culturally and intellectually, Europe would be infinite-

ly poorer without countries like Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, and Belgium, each smaller than a Baltic state. No good European would desire elimination of those small, freedom-loving countries. Leningrad's security, having already been a pretext for the Soviet-Finnish war, can hardly be accepted as a serious excuse. One wonders how leftists would react if Italy annexed the Swiss Ticino to "save" Milan, or if the Argentines invaded Uruguay to "protect" Buenos Aires.

The popular conception of the Balts as Slavs is also erroneous. They are neither Slavic nor Oriental, but, like Bohemia, Sweden, Austria, or Scotland, Occidental. And young Balts hardly understand Russian. Russia left no cultural imprint except a few ugly church buildings. Almost half the Balts are Catholics. No Catholic nor Protestant, indeed no person of good will, can remain indifferent to the fate of these 5 millions.

The Balts are virile, tall, strong, and mostly fair. Racially, most belong to the so-called East-Baltic group, which combines Nordic and Turanian characteristics. They are hard workers of great intelligence and adaptability, excellent soldiers, and good administrators. Estonians and Latvians are more realistic and practical than Lithuanians, who are almost exclusively Cath-

\**Union City, N. J. July, 1943.*



olic and are perhaps more artistic and poetical than their Protestant neighbors to the north.

Estonians are related to the Finns and more remotely to the Magyars; ethnically Finno-Ugrians, their culture was deeply influenced by Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. For centuries they were under the Teutonic Knights.

Latvians and Lithuanians are racially and linguistically isolated. Their languages branch from Indo-European, and preserve a likeness to Sanskrit. Estonia and Latvia were not "historical" nations before 1918. Lithuanians, however, in cooperation with White Russians and later with Poles, founded states *par excellence*. The great Lithuanian state of the 14th century was as large as France.

Contrary to the variety in historic development, the landscape in the three Baltic States shows many similarities. Their corresponding latitude in our hemisphere would be roughly the Alaskan panhandle. This means white nights in summer, short days in winter, and long dawns and twilights in both seasons. Agriculture, carried on over a sandy subsoil, is predominant, but cities are large in proportion to population. Of all Latvians, 25% live in their capital, Riga. There are no mountains, but a fair number of lakes reflect the pale sun of the North. A certain sadness, melancholy, and lonely grandeur characterize the Baltic landscape.

Estonians, who live farthest north, were not originally Aryans, but racial intermixture has occurred. Their great-

est problem in 1918 was liquidation of the German social and economic hold. After the fall of the Teutonic Knights, various countries held control of these lands, but never attempted social reforms. The Estonians knew that they could not call the country their own while practically all real estate was held by a foreign minority. Expropriation brought many hardships.

In the middle 30's, practically all proprietors seemed reconciled to political cooperation. Racial differences were bridged and the Estonians in turn accepted their urban civilization as Teutonic. Reval, their capital, seemed to the casual observer as German in its skyline as Lubeck or Königsberg. The Estonians are an imaginative people; their memories of centuries of serfdom were vivid, and prevented them from inflicting a similar hardship upon others. Liberal and democratic influences from Sweden and Finland had a lasting effect.

Estonia had to cope with communism. Soon after its establishment, the republic was overrun by the Red Army and only a superhuman effort expelled the invaders. In December, 1924, the bolsheviks made another sanguinary attempt to seize the government, but failed again. The pressure exerted by the Soviet Union on this country with a population only a hundred-thirtieth of its own, had a bad effect. The three Baltic States, beginning as democratic republics, soon had fascist parties which claimed (as in Italy and Germany) to be guardians of freedom, appointed by the Almighty. The repub-

lics adopted authoritarian methods and curbed the activities of both fascist and communist groups.

The Baltic miracle consists in the fact that after such ravages as civil war and German and Russian occupation, they could mature in 20 years. What our own South suffered from civil war was nothing in comparison with the purgatory the Baltic States went through from 1917 to 1920 (and, one must add, from 1940 to 1941). But the Balts had, in the early 30's, already largely overcome the aftereffects of war. Coming from the misery and dirt of the Soviet's Kingisepp to Narva in Estonia seemed like paradise, and the same difference existed between Velikiye-Luki in the U. S. S. R. and Latvia's Daugavpils (Düna-burg). The Balts resent incorporation into the Soviet Union just as British Columbians or the inhabitants of Washington state would.

The Latvians are not less enterprising. They, too, experienced German ownership of the soil and bolshevik invasion. Riga experienced a diabolical ordeal in 1919 when a large number of Lutheran pastors were slain and died as heroically as their Catholic compatriots.

It is frequently forgotten that fully a fourth of Latvia's population is Catholic. The entire province of Latgale, always outside the realm of the Teutonic Knights, is solidly Catholic, with a considerably higher birth rate than the rest of the republic. A few Latgalians speak Polish. These Catholics constitute the northernmost outpost of

the Catholic area of the continent.

The Latvian government was always friendly toward its Catholics. A papal nuncio resided in Riga and a Latvian minister was accredited to the Vatican. The political party formed by the Latgalians always held a key position in the Latvian parliament, the Saeima.

Peasant cooperatives flourished in all Baltic countries but in Latvia more than elsewhere. A great part of the agricultural products was exported to Britain and Germany; little to Russia. Riga, on the other hand, served as an export harbor for Soviet goods. In Europe it is not unusual for one nation to handle the goods of another. But only German nazis or unthinking Swedish journalists would claim the export cities for their respective countries.

Lithuania's history differs from the other states. It remained Catholic. Polish influences were strong, but even stronger are its anti-Polish feelings. Estrangement of two Catholic nations with a glorious common past can be reduced to one denominator: ethnical nationalism.

In the old Polish royal republic, the Poles, White Russians, Ruthenes, Germans, and Lithuanians lived together peacefully. The Catholic Church, the Latin language spoken by the educated, loyalty to common history, held them together. But once the lid of Russian suppression was lifted and Austria-Hungary dissolved, each in the group regarded the other with suspicion. Aware of their differences in

language, they made efforts to establish states of their own. Pilsudski, a Lithuanian, once planned a "U. S. of Poland," but unfortunately he dropped this concept. Such a confederation could be established only on a historical and geographical basis.

The final break between Poland and Lithuania came in 1923 when a Polish general occupied the city of Vilna by a *coup d'état*. No diplomatic relations existed thenceforth between Poland and Lithuania until 1938, and the border between the two countries became a festering wound. The two countries excluded each other's nationals, traffic was entirely stopped, and foreign tourists who wanted to go from Lithuania to Poland or vice versa had to travel over Latvia or Eastern Prussia, a situation almost unique in Europe. The bitterness in the contest was largely due to the fact that it was a family quarrel between historically closely related nations. It frequently happened that this schism was carried into families. Since the Poles in Lithuanian cities were many and intermarriages frequent, the demarcation line became a Chinese wall even dividing families.

The majority of the population of Vilna was undoubtedly Polish, but in the villages around Vilna were some Lithuanians, claiming Vilna (Vilnius) as their historical capital, an undeniable fact. A solution satisfactory to both sides is out of the question. Only a new will for political harmony can solve this crisis, now aggravated by the fact that Lithuania received Vilna as

a "gift" from the Soviet Union (then allied with Germany) in 1939, and also by the fact that the Germans confirmed this gift in 1941.

Relations with Poland were not the only difficulty. Lithuania had seized Memel soon after Polish incorporation of Vilna. This region, internationalized at Versailles, had been under French occupation. It had belonged to Prussia. Memel itself was almost purely German, but the rural areas were overwhelmingly Lithuanian. The city profited greatly from the hinterland, but there was constant friction. Germany demanded and obtained the return of that region in January, 1939.

Lithuania is more thickly populated than either Latvia or Estonia. Its "provisional capital," Kaunas, was transformed in 15 years from a dilapidated Russian provincial town into an attractive cultural and political center.

The population of the Baltic countries, Estonia, 1,131,000; Latvia, 1,965,000; Lithuania, 2,525,000, is contained in an area somewhat larger than former Czechoslovakia. Today these three small nations are dominated by the Third Reich, yet they are among the finest examples in Europe of the will for survival. Sold down the river by Hitler in 1940, after the short intermezzo of Soviet "military cooperation," hell broke loose in the form of communist annexation. Nazi "liberation" in 1941 was not of an altruistic order, yet in spite of the humiliating life under nazi quislings the Balts have at least a meager chance of retaining their personal property, national em-

blems, and free worship. There is little likelihood that there will be any large-scale rising against German oppression unless western armies are close by.

Trade with England and immigration to the U. S. made for friendship with us. A Soviet-inspired revolution is pretty much out of the question. The Baltic States can be liberated from a defeated Germany but not from a triumphant red Russia. The example of North Ingria is vivid. This area between the Nyeva and Finland was once exclusively Finnish. The native population was deported to Siberia and the claim on racial lines was thus rendered "obsolete." If the Balts prove uncooperative (and there is no one more stubborn) as Soviet citizens a similar fate may await them. It is easier to disappear in Asiatic wastes or in the mushroom Ural cities than in the comparatively narrow belly of the Third

Reich. The Lithuanian sharpshooters, the peasants of Latvia, the priests of Latgale, the fishermen of Saaremaa, or the professors of Tartu may "get lost" without leaving a trace. It has happened.

What then is the exact future of the Baltic States? Will these nations keep their independence, or should they follow Churchill's advice to federate? Federate with whom? Is federation of the three states a sufficient concentration of power to withstand aggression? All are momentous questions not to be answered categorically.

Freedom of the area is a barometer of European stability, sanity, balance, and political morality. The integrity of the small countries will be the touchstone of the Europe to come, as well as of the sincerity of the United Nations toward their publicly professed ideals.



## Not Interested

The Italian soldier is said not to fight well, and idiotic comments have not been wanting on this topic in the Allied press. The Italian soldier in extreme circumstances and when following the ideals of his flag has fought as a hero. When he has good weapons, he has shown his ability and a capacity to resist equal to that of the soldiers of other countries. But as far as enthusiasm for this war is concerned, he does not feel any. This is a mark of civilization, not of cowardliness and weakness. The Italian people in this present war have displayed complete apathy; their attitude is expressed in their jokes, and they say to each other, "If Mussolini wins, we lose."

Luigi Sturzo in the *Review of Politics* (Jan. '43).

# Unknown Soldier

Holding the farm front

By ALBERT EISELE

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

It was hot, just the third day of threshing. It was not only the heat that was cruel; but also the rust. The rust in the grain had been heavy this year. In harvest time, when John had come home from the field, he was covered with a fine red dust, as if some one had pulverized a brick and sifted it carefully over him. There was some silver in his dark hair; also his skin was dark. His wife called him Red whenever he showed the rust.

Even now, in threshing, rust was still volatile. Sometimes clouds of it backfired right out of the threshing machine, as if there had been an explosion inside.

John pitched the last bundles, then drove to the field for another load. There was no breeze in the field. John mopped his face with the big red handkerchief his wife had given him fresh that morning; now it smelled musty and sour. Emil Krumholtz, who had begun loading at the next windrow, lifted something by the tail and called, "Look! I killed him! A stink cat!" He tossed it into the horses' feedbox at the rear of the hayrack.

John began loading. He could smell the polecat that Emil had killed. From the fence row came the whir of crickets, the song already filled with the hint of autumn.

His wagon hit a rock. The field was

full of rocks. During the harvest the bull wheel of the binder had hit some of them squarely and had pushed them ahead, cutting huge gashes in the earth; gashes deep enough to upset a load of bundles. Some folks never cleared their fields of rocks. If the rock wasn't too big, they farmed over it; if it was too big, they farmed around it, the rock itself sometimes hidden by a fringe of prairie grass. "I never take a bath nights," John heard one worker tell another across the still field, "because if I do, then I can't sweat the next day."

The windrow led down into a swale, where the heat boiled up as from a cauldron. Going uphill again the stubble was slippery; it was slippery on the level, for that matter. A stubblefield is always slippery.

The sun seemed always directly over his load, exactly in line with his eyes, and every time he laid a bundle into place it blazed full in his face. The sun seemed to be laughing, just as it laughed in those hot-weather cartoons. Suddenly John quit work and walked around to the shady side of his wagon, to visit a minute or two with Emil.

Emil, still trying to get ahead, had, like John, silver in his hair. Neither Emil nor John had hauled bundles for several years. Emil's boy was in the Army, and that was why Emil, who

\**Notre Dame, Ind.* May 29, 1943.

was past 50 and had a bad knee, must haul bundles himself. John's son was gone, too, and that was why John, who was also in his 50's and no longer spry, had to run the bundle wagon again. There were some people who claimed that the draft board shouldn't have taken the two boys, because both were needed badly at home, but somebody had to do the fighting.

"I guess you'll have to get a tractor, like everybody else," John advised Emil, as he pulled his fork out of the ground and gave it a fresh bite. In dry weather when the ground was brittle, a fork was an unsatisfactory thing to lean on, because the tines went into the earth as if into a limburger cheese. A shovel was much better. After some further visiting, during which each man pulled his fork out of the ground several times, the two went back to work.

John began to think of Bob, his boy in the Army. It seemed like yesterday when Bobby was still a baby, waiting inside the locked screen door for his father to come in from the field; when he took the oatmeal box out of the cupboard and fed the contents to the chickens; when he went along fixing fences, sinking his bare feet in the cool, moist clay brought up by the posthole digger. Then the boy grew a little older, and one day he chopped up the sawbuck. He did that, he said, to "help daddy make wood." He started to school, and some one stole his cap the very first day and he came home heartbroken. When he was 12, he began to do field work; the first he did was to

harrow cornstalks with a two-section drag and an old team. At 18 Bob went threshing.

They had put their daughter Emma through high school, and just as she had finished and was ready to help her mother, she married. And just when Bobby had grown to manhood and was ready to be a real help to his father, he had to go to war.

John pitched up a few more shocks, and then, in a burst of exasperation at the boiling sun, tossed his pitchfork up on the load. He knew that he had a small load this time, but he didn't care. This heat was killing.

On the way in, he passed Pat Farrell coming out. "What are you going to do, haul furniture?" asked Pat. In March, when farmers moved, furniture was hauled in hayracks that were first bedded down with a few forkfuls of straw. There was where Pat got his joke. All the way in, clouds of gnats harassed John, swirled in his face, and he could not brush them away. When he reached the threshing yard he drove under an old willow, to snatch a few moments of partial shade. But first he went to the engine for a drink. Ugh! why couldn't they keep the drinking water fresh? This was water taken from a camel's stomach. He returned to the top of his load; climbing up the ladder the butts of the bundles pushed stubble into his face. He hadn't shaved for four days, trying to match stubble with stubble. It was no use. He got on top of his load and sought out what shade there was.

Along the edges of the yard, beyond



the fences, were tall weeds with little underpaths made by the hens. On the ground in the hot sun, ducks were feasting on crickets; a duck reached for a cricket—the cricket jumped; the duck trotted after the cricket and again made a quick stab—and again the cricket jumped; the duck pursued once more; reached, and this time devoured the cricket. Summarizing, John found that on the first hop the cricket lost ground; on the second, the cricket lost more ground, and on the third, the cricket was too late. It was always on the third hop the duck got the cricket.

There were crickets everywhere. How could one get a moment's rest on top of a load with crickets singing in one's ears and taking hunks out of one's skin? They were worse than bedbugs.

The threshing dust had sifted up through the grove and was hanging to southward in a heavy cloud. There was just enough breeze to move the dust through the sultry air. Beyond, in a far background, were thunderclouds.

By now the wait was ended, so John and Emil had to drive in to the machine. John headed his horses as far away as possible from the machine, because a threshing machine had a way of jerking out horses' tails; he wrapped his reins around the ladder and then, in lieu of spitting, simply drew his fork handle across his sweated shirt front. Even his thick suspenders were soggy with sweat. The clouds of rust that rolled out from the threshing machine were heavier than before.

By next morning, when John awoke, he found his eyes matted shut. It was the rust. He had to wash his eyes well before he could go down to the dewy pasture to fetch up the horses and cows.

The sun boiled down upon him. The rust on his skin itched like barley beards. The milkweed pods, cut green at the harvest, had cured in that hue and now glistened in the bundle like fresh, green cocoons. The day was already fearfully warm. The sweat ran into his eyes.

He jabbed at a bundle, tugged at it, and then discovered that he was standing on it. That angered him. It was the mark of a greenhorn to stab the bundle on which he stood; but when a true farmer, who had pitched bundles for 30 years, began pulling bundles out from under his own feet, then something was wrong. It must be the heat. He glanced at the sun, hated it as a Sahara traveler hates it.

John's load melted away, and he dropped gradually down, down, to a lower level. On the other side of the feeder his partner, Emil Krumholtz, also dropped to a lower level. First John saw Emil's full figure on his load; then he saw him only to the knees; then to his waist; then to the shoulders; and finally, he saw only his partner's head. Emil wore one of those straw hats shaped like a trench helmet.

And here it was that John, after having pitched a bundle, caught a glimpse of his partner's face across the feeder. It was only a fleeting and an accidental glimpse, but it gave his heart a wrench. For Emil's face was

suddenly the face of a soldier. The feeder behind which the rest of Emil's figure was hidden was not a feeder at all but the rampart of a trench. The cloud of rust that had backfired out of the threshing machine was not rust at all but battle smoke. The rust and the dust superimposed on the sweat of Emil's face represented not the hardships of a hot threshing day, but the hardships of war.

Who was that unknown soldier? Good heaven, it might have been Bob! It might have been his own son, perhaps just as he was at this very minute,

at some far corner of the earth. John's fingers went limp on his fork handle, and it was only with an effort that he recovered. He pitched off the rest of his load, and when he had driven out of the threshing yard, and was on his way to the field to get still another load, he sat on the floor of his hayrack, his feet dangling. He knew that it was a public confession of weakness when a bundle hauler sat down on the floor of his hayrack on his way to the field. But he didn't care. One could blame almost anything at all on this weather.



### *Prayers for Russia*

In 1885, 15 years after Italy's unwarranted seizure of the Papal States had brought to an abrupt end the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, Leo XIII, a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, ordered prayers to be recited after every low Mass. They were to be offered for the peaceful settlement of the "Roman question" and the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff's temporal independence. Forty-four years were to pass before the matter was finally and amicably settled by the Lateran Treaty of Feb. 11, 1929.

Then Pius XI, the Pope of the Lateran Treaty, looked to Russia writhing under atheistic communism, and directed that those same prayers now be offered for the restoration of religion and religious freedom in Russia. Fourteen years have passed since then. Today, religion is still suppressed in Russia. It is true there has been some curbing of antireligious propaganda, but more as a war-time measure of expediency than from conviction. The government of the Soviet Union is as fundamentally opposed to religion as it ever was.

It may take another 44 years, just as it did for the settlement of the Roman question. It may require a long period of still bloodier persecution. But in God's own good time the prophetic words of Pius XI must at length be fulfilled, that "Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, will vouchsafe at last to restore peace and free possession of their religion to the faithful people persecuted in Russia."

W. M. McInerney, C.S.S.R., in *Perpetual Help* (June '43).

# Latest in Berries

By R. E. HIRSCH

Condensed from the *Liguorian*\*

**A Californian** by the name of Rudolph Boysen knew the good qualities of the red raspberry, the blackberry and the loganberry; so he united the three, to make a berry larger and better than any other vine berry grown.

The boysenberry did not make its debut at night clubs or at society luncheons, but under the crisp brown crusts of pies served with hot coffee at homely restaurants and roadside lunch counters along California's highways.

Then Irene Jarvis, a Michigan farm girl who worked in the Detroit office of a refrigerator company, entered the picture. She worked in the advertising department, having charge of test recipes. One day while sorting recipes she came upon one that called for boysenberries. Not knowing what sort of berry this was, she asked others in the office. None knew. Since the clipping was from California, she wrote to the fruit inspection department there and learned that the famous horticulturist, Rudolph Boysen, had developed a remarkable bramble fruit by a complicated intercrossing, and that the berry was being propagated in a small area of southern California, near Mentone.

She considered the idea of planting them on 105 acres at Lapeer, Mich., which she had inherited a year previously. If successful, she intended to market the fruits for juice. She pur-

chased 1500 plants, and had them set out on her farm in the spring of 1936.

After a year of absentee management, Miss Jarvis returned to her farm to devote full time to this endeavor. All 1500 of her plants had survived the first winter. By February, 1938, she had so many orders for boysenberry plants that she determined to sell the plants rather than the fruit.

The business progressed as the fame of the boysenberry spread. Today Irene Jarvis has one of the largest boysenberry plantations east of Oklahoma. Hers was the first state inspected boysenberry plantation in Michigan. The original 1500 plants have multiplied to well over 100,000. From this adopted home, plants have been sent to 43 states.

The boysenberry has an average size of more than an inch and a quarter in diameter, and in length it varies from two to 2½ inches, in which are combined the delectable flavors of all three parent berries. It is a godsend for false teeth, because it is practically seedless. The core is very small. Its color is the rich royal maroon of the loganberry; its taste approaches that of the delicious red raspberry; and it has the shape of the blackberry.

The berry grows on canes, the brambles being as long as 35 feet. A single cluster may consist of three to eight

\*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. July, 1943.

berries, with the average cluster bearing five.

Fifty luscious boysenberries fill a quart. An acre will grow 435 plants, yielding about six tons, or about 7,000 quarts. A few years ago boysenberries sold for 30c a quart. Now, due to an increase of growers, the price is slightly lower. But even by selling the berries for 15c a quart a grower could take in over \$1,000 an acre. Of course, this would not be all net profit.

Boysenberry plants have decided advantages over most fruit-bearing plants, for the boysenberry season begins about July 1, and lasts until Labor day. Nor are the demands on the soil very great. The chief requisite is a well-drained plot of ground. The soil need not be rich. During winter, however, the plants must be covered with a mulch.

They can be grown across a garage or along a fence marking off a cottage half acre. Not even a half acre is necessary. A few feet in the back yard will do for half a dozen plants. These will keep the ordinary family well supplied

with fresh berries for the two months of their bearing season.

The boysenberry contains 25% more juice than any other bramble fruit. The juice contains more vitamin C than an equal amount of orange juice, is palatable and exceedingly healthful.

A delicious jam can be made from the berries. Underripe berries have enough pectin and acid to make jelly with the addition of sugar only. Any person who has once tasted boysenberry preserves becomes a confirmed lover of the fruit. Innumerable desserts can be prepared from these berries. Nor must boysenberry pie be overlooked, for it was boysenberry pies sold at California lunch stands that gave this berry its first boost up the ladder of fame. Today, you can find boysenberry pie served any place from a little lunchroom to a leading hotel.

The nation-wide popularity of the boysenberry has been attained despite war conditions. When peace comes, the boysenberry will certainly outdo its present promises.



## That Am I

He was a young, zealous priest. But to the family he was still their son. And to his mother . . .

At any rate, his father had been quite ill, and he stood with his mother at the sickbed.

"Dad's pretty low," he said, quietly.

"I know," his mother replied. "I think we'd better call a priest."

"And what," demanded her son, in mock wrath, "do you think I am?"

From the column *Along the Way* (NCWC) by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (3 July '43).

# Prisoners of War

By MARY E. BOSTWICK

Condensed from the Indianapolis *Star*\*

Caged contentment

**Tony and** Giuseppe and Rocco and Giovanni, soldiers in the Italian army until they were taken prisoner by the Yanks, have settled down for the duration in the prisoner-of-war stockade at Camp Atterbury, Ind.

If it wasn't for the large letters *PW* imprinted on the backs of their shirts and pants, it would be hard to realize that they are being held in duress, for a more lighthearted crew it would be hard to find.

The gray barracks behind the high double row of barbed wire resound with animated conversation, and with snatches of song; prisoners going to or coming from work on camp projects or on adjacent farms sing loudly as they tramp along the roads or trundle along in trucks, the favorite being an Italian version of the *Beer Barrel Polka*. They get the same rations as American soldiers, as required by the Geneva convention, but they may, and do, change their meat rations for spaghetti. Their own cooks bake their bread the way they like it, long loaves with a hard crust.

The prisoners of war, all noncommissioned officers and enlisted men, include every type of Italian, from the tall, gray-eyed men from northern Italy to the short, swarthy natives of southern Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean, and they are all tanned the

color of an old saddle by the desert sun. Many are smooth-shaven, some wear little mustaches, others larger mustachios with fiercely waxed points; a few even have beards, and gleaming teeth flash when they smile.

All the prisoners are Catholics, and an American priest, who has studied in Rome and speaks Italian fluently, is on duty as camp chaplain. Mass is celebrated every Sunday and holyday in the recreation area; on fair days, an altar is set up in the open field. Prisoners act as altar boys.

Their clothing consists of salvaged American khaki uniforms dyed dark blue, with *PW* in red. Some of them still wear the little green caps or black leather leggings they had on when they arrived at Camp Atterbury; the rest of their uniforms, ragged and worn, in which they were taken prisoners, was beyond salvaging.

Both Col. Welton M. Modisette and Lieut. Col. John L. Gammell stressed the point that, while these men are prisoners of war, they are not convicts, any more than American soldiers taken prisoner by the Axis are convicts. They are accorded the military courtesies to which they are entitled; they give and return salutes. Visitors can see the Roman salute, the hand, palm forward, brought smartly up at arm's length. The Italian soldiers are meticulous in

\*Indianapolis, Ind. June 13, 1943.

saluting every U. S. officer they meet.

The camp is organized in three battalions of five companies each. In addition to Colonel Gammell and his executive officer, Lieut. Col. Harley E. Johnson, about 25 other officers of a Service Unit have various duties connected with the internment camp. The escort guard company, who provide the armed guards that accompany the prisoners everywhere, are all U. S. soldiers. Some of the prisoners have complained about the armed guard; they say it isn't necessary for the guards to be armed, as they, the prisoners, haven't any intention of trying to escape. So far, this has been their only complaint.

There are four prisoner-of-war companies in each battalion and the PW's have one regimental leader, three battalion leaders and 12 company leaders, the latter being the intermediaries between the Army and the prisoners. The leaders are appointed by Colonel Modisette according to relative rank and are all noncommissioned officers known as *sergente maggiore*, *sergente*, *carporale maggiore* and *carporale*. They wear their chevrons on the left breasts of their shirts.

Theoretically, the internment camp ought to have about 40 interpreters, U. S. soldiers who speak both English and Italian fluently, but so far the only one who meets these requirements is Pvt. Carol Fogar, whose home is in San Francisco, and who was naturalized at Camp Atterbury a few days ago.

The American soldiers have mastered

one Italian phrase, *medesima cosa*, or "same thing." If they want one of the prisoners to pick up a bucket, for instance, they pick up a bucket and say, "*Medesima cosa*."

Every PW is granted an allowance of 10c a day, but he can get 80c a day for doing various kinds of work not connected with camp maintenance. The Italians are fine artisans and farmers, and they have been doing all manner of maintenance work around the camp, carpentry, cooking and innumerable other chores, in addition to looking after the 50-acre farm on which they raise all sorts of vegetables which go to supplant the PW ration in part. They also work for farmers in the neighborhood, in small groups, under a special arrangement.

One of the favorite outdoor jobs is running a lawn mower. They had never seen such a thing, and apparently get a great kick out of scooting one across the now thriving grass plots of Camp Atterbury.

Some of them were rather hazy on geography; they thought Indiana was a part of India, and were considerably surprised when they arrived and found nothing remotely resembling the Taj Mahal and not an elephant in sight. Another surprise that awaited the PW's when they arrived in New York City was to see that metropolis still in good repair. They had been under the impression that it had been destroyed by bombs.

With their undoubted talent for cookery, the Italians probably have the best messes at Camp Atterbury, and



they don't waste anything at all, Colonel Gammell says. They eat every scrap. Believe it or not, says the Colonel, when they have grapefruit they eat the rinds, too. They eat the bread crusts and burnish their plates. Nearly all of them look husky.

The PW's are given the same health care as the American soldiers, which is another instance of how the American government is following to the letter the Geneva convention. On their arrival at Camp Atterbury, regardless of the time of day or night, all sick and wounded were rushed to the post hospital, and all the others were given a bath, fed, and were allowed to rest. "We can handle 800 men in an hour and 20 minutes," said Colonel Gammell. Each battalion has a three-bed dispensary.

One thing Colonel Gammell especially wants is to get a 100-piece band organized. There is any amount of

musical talent among the PW's in his command, and he says if he could just get hold of some musical instruments, he could have one of the best bands anybody ever listened to.

After 10:30 P.M., when taps has been blown, there isn't an American inside the stockade. The recreation rooms, where, under the "censorship" of an American noncom, they have listened to the radio, engaged in group singing, or read selected Italian magazines and newspapers, are dark; the men are asleep in their barracks. And in high octagonal towers American soldiers stand guard over the prisoners, who probably would not try to escape if they got the chance. It is obvious they consider themselves fortunate, and if they do, and can send word back to parts of the world where American soldiers are in captivity, it will be just that much better for the American prisoners.



### Converting the "Natives"

Questions about missionaries sent from North America to South America to convert the "natives" frequently irritate the South American inside me. Once, when I was on a lecture tour in the U. S., a gentleman in the audience, a very solemn and severe-looking gentleman, inquired of me as I stood on the platform, "What progress is the American religion making in South America?"

"What do you mean by the American religion?" I inquired, with as much suavity as I could muster, which was not much.

"I mean the *Christian* religion, sir," replied the gentleman, with great severity.

"We have one of those down there already," I answered. He glared at me. All through the rest of the question-and-answer period I felt that glare, and hoped that he had no gun.

From *Young Man of the World* by Thomas R. Ybarra (Ives Washburn, 1942).

# I Escaped

By a POLISH CADET

Condensed from the *Polish Review*\*

The author of this story was captured by the Germans near Warsaw in September, 1939. After two attempts at escape, he was removed for punishment to a special prison camp. After 25 months he managed to escape, and made his way eventually to Great Britain, where he is now serving in the Polish Air Force.

**We** traveled to the prison camp in horse cars, into each of which 40 prisoners were packed. Only two or three could sit or lie down at a time. To prevent escapes, the Germans kept the cars locked for two days.

When we arrived the camp was only partially constructed. Barracks were being erected on land confiscated from the Poles. We were placed under canvas, where we remained for the first half of the winter. Slight frosts began early in October. We slept side by side upon bare planks without undressing, squeezed so tightly together that it was impossible to turn unless everyone else did the same. Lice literally devoured us.

It was still dark when the company leader shouted the reveille. After a single cup of ersatz coffee that looked like dirty water and tasted like ink we had nothing to allay our hunger, nothing but hopeless waiting for the so-called midday meal. *Pullkartoffeln mit Salzgurken* was the usual menu. Potatoes were often thrown into the pot together with bits of straw in

which they had been kept. Sand gritted between our teeth. The second half of the company often had only potato pulp to appease their gnawing hunger. We had to stand with our pots outside the kitchen; there was no shelter, and sometimes we were made to stand there, in the rain and the snow, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. In the evening we were given bread and coffee, one loaf of bread, less than two and a half pounds, for five men. Often the bread was moldy.

Potatoes began to disappear from the stores. Those caught in the act were stabbed through with a bayonet by the *Wachtman*. Others had to stand near the gate all day long, bare-headed and half-clad, in the rain and bitter cold. Each passing *Wachtman* vented his temper on the culprits. At the edge of the forest one grave after another appeared. Soon, several prisoners were detailed to dig graves, and this became their daily task.

When an American commission visited our camp, the Germans showed only as much as they wished to show. On the day of the visit we were given a meal as never before nor since. Only two of the English-speaking prisoners, who were comparatively submissive, were allowed to approach the commission.

If they see any possibility, prisoners

\*745 5th Ave., New York City. July 5, 1943.

try to escape, because no price is too high for them to pay for liberty. According to a statement by one of the commandants of a prison camp in Germany, 6,000 men tried to escape every

day during the summer of 1941. Many of them were shot while cutting the wire or leaving tunnels they had made. Others, caught and mercilessly beaten, lost their lives at forced labor.



### *Life or Annihilation*

I do not think it is nice to tell our fighting men that when they die in the defense of their country, we shall be grateful, and they shall cease to exist. I do not think it is very encouraging to offer them the prospect, when they drop on the battlefields, sink in the waves, or fall from the sky, of an eternal oblivion in the dull world of chemistry and electricity. You may reply, "They will live on in our memories," but how long will we live on and continue to have memories? I find no memories vividly alive in our land at the moment for the soldiers who died 100 years ago, let us say in the Revolutionary War, or even in the Civil War.

Shall our heroes who will lay down their lives for us in this present struggle for freedom survive as personalities anywhere in God's great universe, or shall they not? If not, what good are the tears we shed? We weep for what we have lost, and expect to get back again. If we know we can never, never get it back again, we do not weep; we

dry up and become stoical as a statue. One can weep at death; never at annihilation. Wreaths on a grave! And memories! What good is the memory of a nobody?

Almighty God, both in the normal instincts of the human mind, and in the clear statements of Revelation, offers us a saner outlook on death than can be found in coldly contemplating the suspended pleasures of annihilation. Almighty God says the human soul can never die, that it is immortal, and that when it sheds the raiment of the poor body it has carried through this life, a better, richer and deeper life is awaiting it in eternity. Into that richer, deeper life our heroes pass in death. They enter their Creator's eternal country, their Father's eternal home; and in the unencumbered life of the spirit, freed from the bondage of three dimensions, they personally know and appreciate what they have done for us by dying for us. They do not end in bloodstains on a battlefield, nor in cold corpses floating in the sea.

Leonard Feeney, S.J., in a Catholic Hour address (8 Nov. '42).

# Yankee Doodle

By PAUL TWITCHELL

That went to town

Condensed from the *Vincenian*\*

**O**ur one song legacy from the Revolutionary War was *Yankee Doodle*, and while not a treasure of the highest value, it is absolutely ours. Its quaint, incisive character redeems it from vulgarity, and its historic associations are interwoven with independence. It began and ended the American Revolution; which opened in New England, culminated in New York, and closed in Virginia. These three were in turn, the chief locales of the war.

Strange to relate, *Yankee Doodle* changed sides during the conflict. From being a British tune at the beginning, it emerged an American melody at the close. Its earlier history is shrouded in mystery; many countries have claimed it. Its tune, like the story of the flood, flourishes in the myths of every nation. *Yankee* is very likely an Indian corruption of the word *English*; though the term is still a bone of contention among etymologists. But they agree that *doodle* means a trifling, half-witted fellow. During the Revolution the word *yankee* was an especially insulting term. During the Boston Massacre, the British commanding officer took great pains to shout it at the citizens. The song itself was distinctly against the Americans at first.

During the French and Indian War, General Amherst commanded an army composed of English and provincial

troops, who during the summer of 1755 lay encamped upon the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of Albany. In early June, companies of militia poured in; and such a motley assemblage never before had thronged together, according to a letter written at the time.

Another account admits that the fantastic appearance of the colonial contingent, with their variegated, ill-fitting and incomplete uniforms, was a continual butt for the broad humor of the Army. With the forces of General Amherst when New England troops under Governor Shirley came in, was a regimental surgeon, Dr. Richard Shuckburg, who sarcastically played what he considered a master joke on the ragged, tattered Continentals by palming off the *Yankee Doodle* tune, of Cromwell's time, as a celebrated martial air. The melody was probably a country dance; but Dr. Shuckburg set to it the words of an absurd song which he called *The Yankee's Return to Camp*. It begins,

*Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Gooding.  
There we see the men and boys,  
As thick as hasty pudding.*

Quite without suspicion, the guileless Continentals swallowed it. The joke spread far beyond the scoffer's hopes.

\*1405 S. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo. July, 1943.

In a few days, nothing was heard in camp but *Yankee Doodle*. The British were highly entertained; never dreaming of a boomerang, 20 years later, when some of those ridiculed militiamen marched to victory at Lexington to the strains of this tune, the battle song of a new republic.

Thomas Jefferson often said that Washington was the greatest horseman of his time. On June 30, 1775, when General Washington left Virginia, to assume command of the Continental armies, then encamped at Cambridge, Mass., he took with him five horses of his own breeding; his favorite being a magnificent bay, 16 hands high. His first appearance at Cambridge, thus mounted, enthused and charmed army and civilian patriots gathered there to greet the hero. This bay was probably the "slapping stallion" in the third stanza of *Yankee Doodle*.

Boston, today the most conservative city, politically speaking, in the U. S., during Revolutionary days was the leader of her sister towns. It was 1822 before Boston Town developed into a city. At the close of the Revolution, the population of the whole U. S. did not number 4 millions. There were but six cities, so-called, in which there dwelt 130,000. When Benjamin Franklin traveled by coach from Philadelphia to New York the journey took four days, and the author of *Poor Richard's Almanac* knitted stockings to while away his time. What Boston lacked in size, she more than made up in zeal. Strong in the courage of her convic-

tions, she tolled her church bells, and half-masted her flags, when news of the passage of the Stamp Act reached America. The Mother Country was convinced that Boston would bear watching. In consequence, beginning in 1768, when the old State House was occupied by a royalist regiment, British troops were encamped at Boston for 17 weary months, among a population to whom they were thoroughly odious. Each succeeding day gave rise to new occurrences which augmented mutual animosity.

We are indebted to old letters and diaries for the most accurate knowledge of the life of Boston at that time. John Andrews, a lively merchant, relates that it was customary for the soldiers to fire at targets at the bottom of Boston Common. He goes on to say, "A few days ago a countryman stood by and laughed very heartily at a whole regiment's firing and not one being able to hit the mark. The officer, nettled by his mirth, invited him to try his hand. He accordingly loaded, and asked the officer where he was to fire. According to direction, he pulled the trigger, and drove the ball as ordered 'To the right,' 'To the left,' and the third time 'In the center.' The officers stared, as well as the soldiers. 'Why,' said the countryman, 'I've got a boy at home who will toss up an apple and shoot out all the seeds as it's coming down.'"

This story tallies with many other accounts of the skill of the colonists. Bred to all manner of hardships and dangers from infancy, backwoods ex-

perience had made them ready with fowling pieces and matchlocks. Being thus ridiculed, and made to feel they had no business in Boston, was not at all to the taste of the royal troops. So the soldiers took revenge in any manner at their disposal, and made it a point to annoy the citizens. Knowing the decorous piety of many Bostonians, these soldiers proceeded to race horses on the Common on the Sabbath; and to play *Yankee Doodle* just outside church doors during divine service.

The word *yankee* always stood for impudence; and from the beginning of the trouble the British began to sing *Yankee Doodle* in mockery of the Americans. As early as 1768 it was played aboard the British ships in Boston harbor.

Such doings were infinitely tantalizing to the Bostonians. Breach of Sabbath was regarded as a heinous offence; and "prophane cursing and swearing" were classified as serious crimes, as court records show.

It was a British custom to drum culprits out of camp to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*. A little later on, we find their soldiers making ribald verses to the melody, and singing,

*Yankee Doodle came to town,  
For to buy a firelock;  
We will tar and feather him,  
And so we will John Hancock.*

John Hancock, after his graduation from Harvard, had entered the countinghouse of an uncle; upon whose death he received a large fortune. Standing almost at the head of the mer-

chants of Boston, his wealth, culture, and good looks made him an object of flattery. Upon a visit to England, he had been strongly urged to join the royal party; but Samuel Adams had a still more powerful effect upon him. Thanks to Adams' influence, the handsome young merchant could say, regardless of his princely residence, and all else, "Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public requires it."

Not long after this, these two firm friends chanced to be responsible for that first brush of hostilities, the Battle of Lexington. After the Boston Massacre, which occurred in front of the old State House, on March 5, 1770, things went from bad to worse. The Provincial Congress, which met at Cambridge on Feb. 1, 1775, organized the militia and appointed general officers. The Minute Men were picked men from the militia; pledged to assemble at a moment's warning. The Minute Man of the Revolution was the husband and father who left the plow in the furrow, the hammer on the bench; who kissed wife and children, and marched away to die or to win freedom. He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young.

One fifth of all able-bodied men of Massachusetts had been in the field during the French and Indian War. Some no doubt had been among the soldiers who inspired Dr. Shuckburg's verses of *Yankee Doodle*. Under the instructions of this Provincial Congress of '75, every village green in Massachusetts became the scene of active



drill; so it is far from true that the men who first repulsed the British regulars in 1775 were simply a band of farmers, entirely unused to fighting.

It was an Army animated with zeal and patriotism, even though at first a throng of brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined country lads; with officers who appeared to be quite as ignorant of military life as the troops themselves. Notwithstanding, when the Battle of Lexington occurred, the colonies with their Minute Men and their trained bands of militia, were as well-equipped for war as poor dependencies of a powerful nation could reasonably expect to be.

The Battle of Lexington was rather an accidental event. The patriots had been quietly collecting stores, arms, and ammunition, and depositing them at Concord. It happened that toward the end of the winter of 1774-5, General Gage had received peremptory orders to arrest Samuel Adams, "and his ready and willing tool," that "terrible desperado," John Hancock, and to send them at once to England, to be tried for treason.

The Provincial Congress, meeting at Concord, had adjourned on April 15. But Adams and Hancock stayed for a few days at Lexington, about 11 miles from Boston, with a mutual friend. As it seemed more convenient to seize Adams and Hancock at a little village, rather than in Boston, Gage, planning to kill two birds with one stone, dispatched 800 troops, on the night of the 18th, under Lieut. Colonel Smith, with orders to march first to

Lexington, arrest the patriot leaders, and then proceed to Concord, and capture or destroy its military stores. That night at ten o'clock, British troops quietly crossed the Charles river, and began that eventful march which precipitated the Revolutionary War. The greatest secrecy was observed. They took the precaution to go by the difficult route that led through the marshes of East Cambridge. The bright moonlight enabled every man to hasten his movements, and stringent orders had been given that no person whatsoever should be allowed to leave Boston that night.

Fortunately, the patriots were on the alert; General Warren surmised the mischief afoot; and he, just as unobtrusively, sent Paul Revere, by way of Charleston, and William Dawes, by way of Roxbury, to give the alarm all along the route.

When Lord Percy's troops marched out of Boston, to relieve their British comrades at Lexington, they kept step to the twinkling strains of *Yankee Doodle*. And thus was played the overture to the great drama of the American Revolution.

When Lord Cornwallis was about to surrender at Yorktown, in 1781, a discussion arose as to the music to be used. The articles of capitulation did not include a single degrading condition; for the Americans had been unusually lenient in many details of the surrender. But on one little point of etiquette, they were inflexible. British soldiery had always cherished, as their natural right, the exclusive privilege

of playing the tunes of the enemy, whenever they saw fit. But they had no use for a rule that worked both ways; so it was customary for them to demand, at the surrender of an enemy, that its bands should play its own martial music; thus rubbing salt into the wounded pride of the conquered.

Accordingly, in 1780, at the surrender of Charleston, in token of the abasement of the American forces, General Lincoln's army had been forbidden to play anything but an American tune.

Such things cause anger, and now at Yorktown, Colonel Laurens, the American conducting negotiations, directed that the sword of Cornwallis should be received by that same General Lincoln, whose army had been unnecessarily humbled. All other English and German officers were allowed to retain their swords. And in particular, Colonel Laurens insisted that the army, when marching out to lay down their arms, should play either an English or German air. This latter was in reference to the Hessian soldiers, so bitterly resented by Americans.

At 12 o'clock of that memorable Oct. 19, 1781, both the American and French armies were drawn up in regiments. The Americans were on the right, commanded by General Washington, mounted, in full uniform, attended by his aides.

On the left side were the French under Count Rochambeau and his

suite. The French generals were attended by servants in handsome liveries. Of the Americans only the regulars, in front, looked even passable. The militia from Virginia were ragged and poorly clothed. But they were among the victors.

After long waiting, a movement was observed in the town; and finally, General O'Hara, the second in command, mounted on a splendid charger, issued from the gates. Every eye was riveted to the spot, expecting to catch a glimpse of Lord Cornwallis, but the commanding general had pleaded illness. Slowly and gracefully, General O'Hara rode toward General Washington. As he approached the American commander-in-chief, the British officer removed his hat, in salutation, ready to tender his sword. He was referred to General Lincoln, who received the sword and immediately handed it back to him. Slowly also, following their leader, came the British troops, marching out between the two lines. They were sullen, dejected, and bitter. As the English officers passed the French officers, they saluted, but they took pains to show no such courtesy to the Americans.

In such manner was the red standard of England lowered. Then the army of Lord Cornwallis, 7,257 in number, together with 840 seamen, marched out, with shouldered arms, and colors furled and cased, while the band played a quaint old English melody. The Continental bands responded with *Yankee Doodle*.

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